CARTOONIST PROfiles

GEORGE GATELY, who created the very funny panel HEATHCLIFF which the McNaught Syndicate distributes, has put together this action montage of his feline hero for us. More about HEATHCLIFF inside.

Issue 25 March 1975 **$3**

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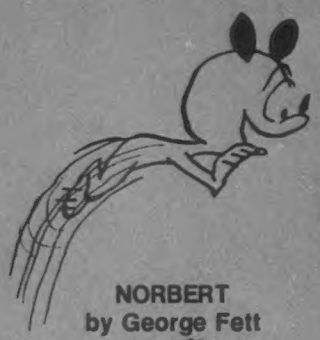

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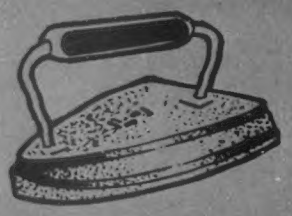

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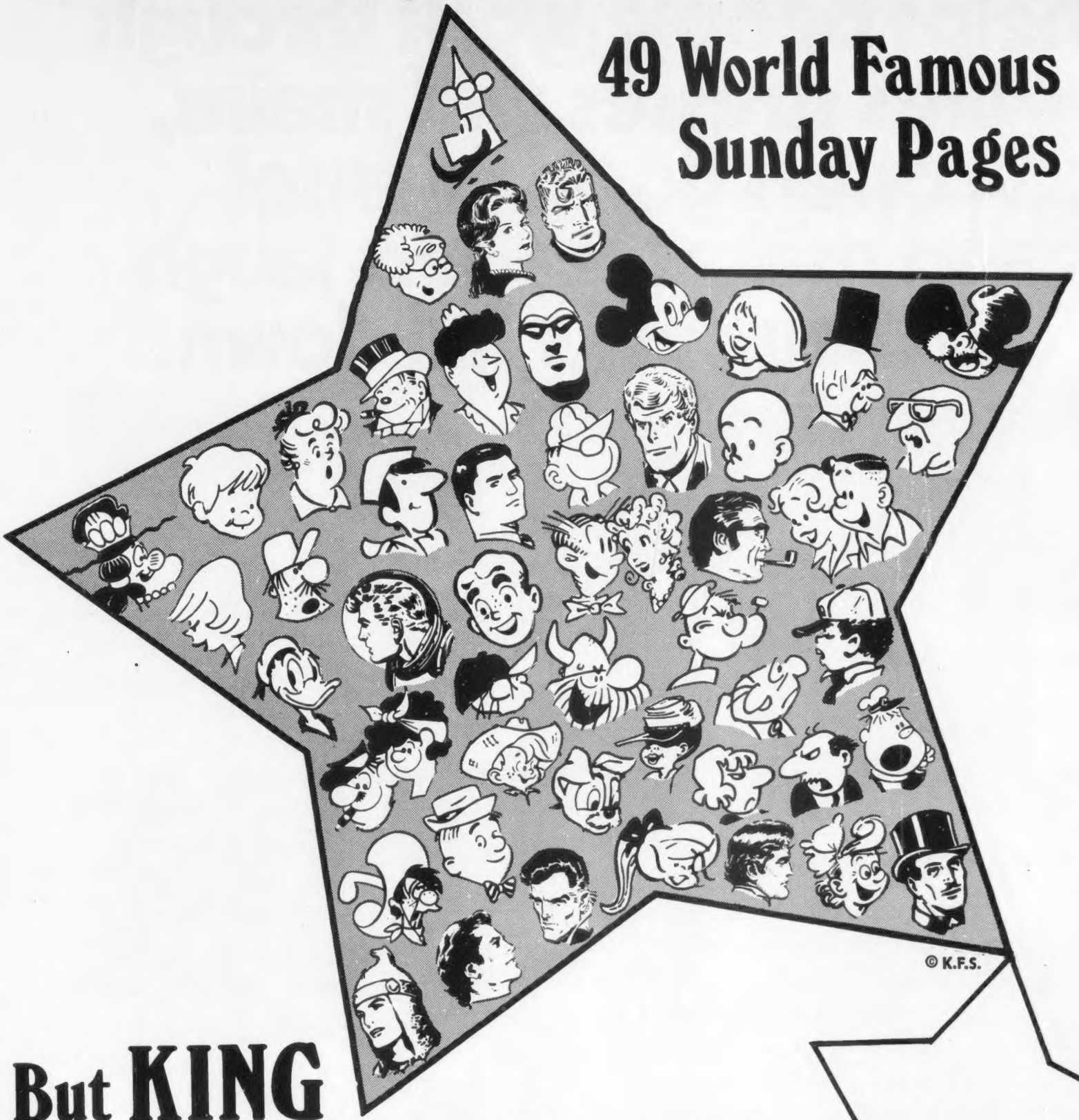

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JERRY MARCUS, who does the popular TRUDY comic strip for King Features, sends along this photograph taken during the early 50's. Jerry says that, to the best of his recollection, it was taken upstairs at The Pen and Pencil Restaurant in New York City. The cartoonists are watching a Yankee World Series.

L to R standing are: Al Ross, Bob Barnes, Bob Schroeter, Unknown, Jeff Keate, Gus Lundberg, Gregory D'Alessio, Bill Yates, Tom Henderson, and, under handkerchief, Charlie Rice of the late 'This Week' magazine.

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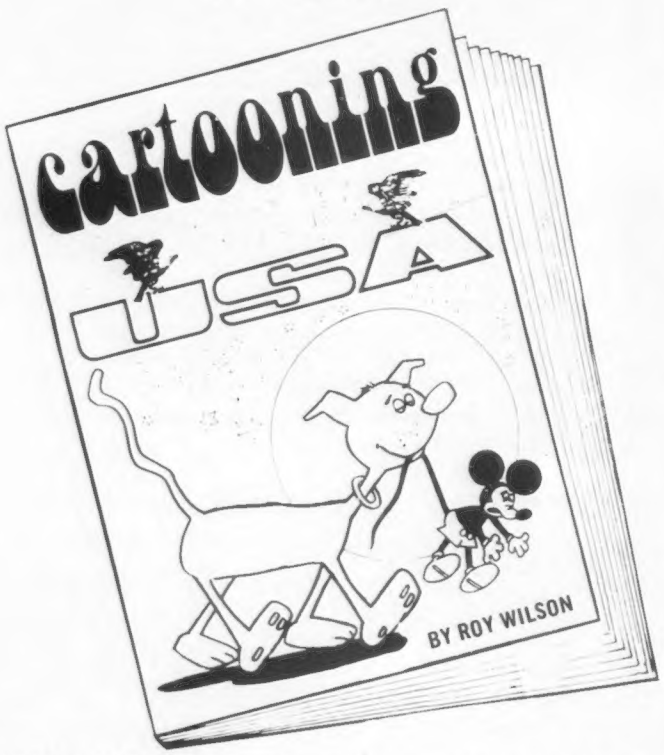

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The following is a most interesting conversation your editor had with the celebrated 'New Yorker' cartoonist, GEORGE PRICE, whose cartoons have been universally admired for the past 40 years or more. He's truly a 'Cartoonist's Cartoonist'. He and his wife, Florence, live in Tenafly, New Jersey. They have three sons (George Jr., Wilfred, and Charles), a daughter, and 4 grandchildren. The Nicholls Gallery, on Madison Avenue in New York, recently had a very successful one-man show of Price's work.

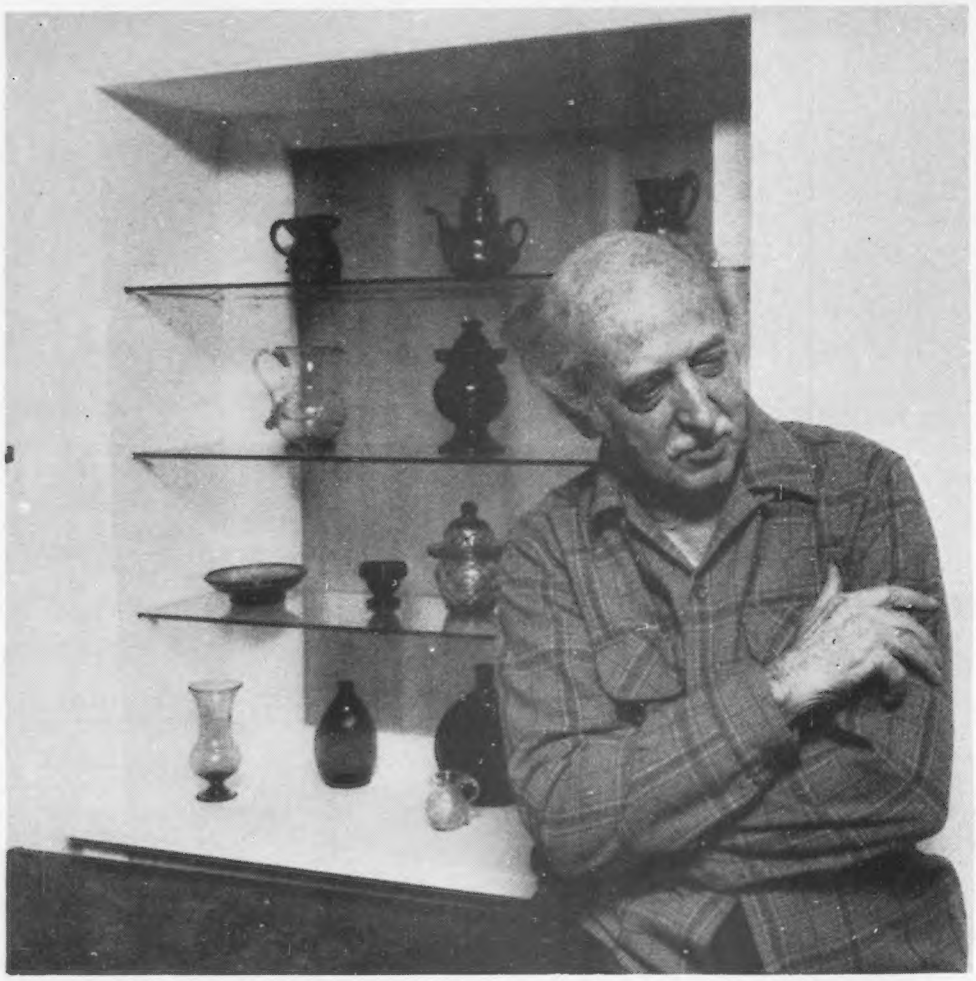


Photo by Stu Davis

GEORGE PRICE

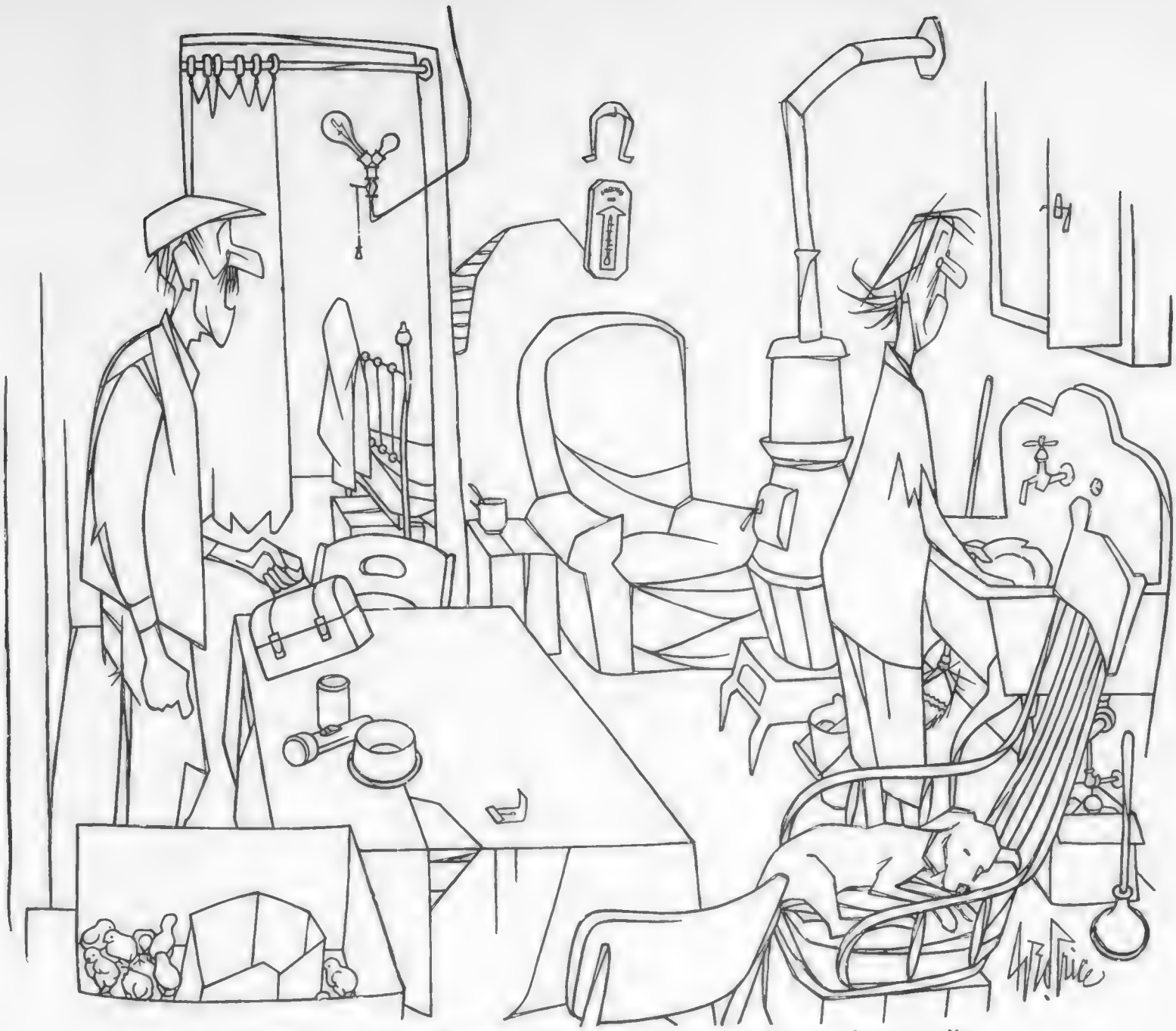
Q. You've said that you have two ways of working on cartoons. Would you tell us a little more about those methods?

PRICE: Well, I think if you just draw *exclusively* from your imagination — and a lot of cartoonists do, you know — you keep repeating yourself over and over again. You develop several characters that crop up in all your drawings, and you use the same ones continually, just as the comic strip man does. In my own case I get a little sick of drawing the guy that people say looks something like me, so for variety I refer to my old bank of characters — people I used to draw on park benches or at Coney Island. If I have a gag that just involves a conversation between a couple of bums, I've drawn these guys by the thousands, so I'll go through my files and come up with a couple of characters that will add that beautiful little bit of variety that I could never dream up! Of course I've developed a couple of characters that I'm noted for, like my old guy with the sharp chin — he's purely imaginative — and I'm very sympathetic to him. But I hate to be hung up with this one particular character, so I vary the strictly imaginative way of working by using the sketches and photos I've collected to add a wonderful variety — the spice of life — to cartoons. I think it's a sloppy way of doing if you rely just on imagination and your people all look alike. When you sketch someone, you get not only the figure itself but the attitude, the way the guy sits, the kind of hat he has on his head, and you could never dream these things up unless you actually saw them. So these are my two ways of working, which I try to mix together. At the risk of repeating myself, I should say that if you rely entirely on your imagination, you tend to develop mannerisms in drawing and you don't have the variety you find in life.

Q. Did you get started on your longtime sketching habit at art school?

PRICE: No — I've never been to an art school except to give lectures and to advise the students to buy themselves a sketchpad and then get the hell out in the street and draw before their work began to look like that of their instructors! Incidentally, I've been sketching from life since my early teens and I always liked to draw as far back as I can remember. I had a little school lecture thing going for a good many years and I was never invited back to the same place a second time, as you can well imagine from what I've just said. Beginning in my high school days I got out in the subways, on picnic grounds, at Coney Island with my sketch pad and these sketches serve as a bank of reference work for my cartoons. Down around 14th Street in New York City, where you see the sidewalk peddlers, was one of my favorite places to sketch. Everyone of those guys, with a suitcase and a stand, an eye out watching for the cops to come around the corner, selling kit chen utensils and mechanical toys, was a Bob Hope with a quip coming out of the side of his mouth.

I also keep a file of photos of interesting characters. And I have a large morgue of



"I heard a bit of good news today. We shall pass this way but once."

Drawing by George Price
© 1973 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

technical things — anything I don't have, I go out and sketch. I figure there's bound to be somebody reading my cartoons who knows the technical aspects of whatever I'm drawing, so I might as well be right. So I go to a lot of trouble to make them that way — I'll go to a dry cleaner's to draw his machines, or to a watch factory, etc. I don't use a camera but, as I mentioned a moment ago, I do take photos out of magazines. By the way, when you use photos, don't just copy them but treat them as reference material.

Q. We all know that occasionally a subject you're sketching will get irritated about the matter. Whitney Darrow has always carried a small (2 or 3-inch) account book for his sketching — figuring that the people he's drawing will think he's merely totaling up his daily accounts. Have you gotten into any difficulties with your sketching?

PRICE: Well, I remember one time I was down by the river near my old home in New Jersey, sketching an Italian picnic. Those were the days when various ethnic groups came over frequently on the ferry from the Bronx. Some of the husbands at this picnic got a little offended. But I told them, "this is my way of making a living — I'm not making fun of you." Fortunately, they understood and invited me into their group for lunch. The artist, Pop Hart, who was a great influence on me, told of times when he'd had all kinds of threats while sketching some rough Mexican characters . . . I guess sketching from life involves some occupational hazards.

Q. I know you've said, when people have admired your work, that there's more to it than just the technical finish of the cartoon — it's a question of attitude toward things in general. Will you elaborate a little more on this?

PRICE: I was born in Coytesville, New Jersey, where the George Washington Bridge is now, and it was instrumental in my later work that I was brought up in this little hamlet of about 300 people. There was a wealth of material to sketch and my attitude toward life was formed there. The people were mostly Irish-Americans and there were characters galore. I suppose to the average, restless escapist today, the story of my early life would be something like the annals of the poor — and just about that exciting. But I found it *quite* exciting, being brought up in the early days of the century in this little town — it was something, I think, that kids nowadays would be quite envious of — what with fishing and all the rest of it. The town was 2 blocks wide and 7 blocks long, bordered on the east by the Palisades (about 400 feet high there) and on the west by a deep valley of farms. On the north and south the town was hemmed in by a primeval forest which was about a mile deep — a beautiful setting.

Speaking of characters, one old lady had 4 sons — Piggy, Ratsy, Mutsy, and Nothin'. They all had heads about the size of my fist, and when they put a helmet on the one who drove the local fire engine, the hat practically covered his head! We were at the end of the trolley line (Toonerville-type) and you got the

impression that a lot of idiots had taken the trolley ride, gotten off at the last stop and decided to stay! I graduated from the Ft. Lee High School and this was the only formal education I ever had. When I helped the bookkeeper at the Englewood Golf Course, down in the valley at the west side of town, I got a chance to watch the moneyed people since this was one of the biggest golf courses around. People like the Morgan partners with their Mercedes-Benzes and Rolls Royces were in frequent evidence, and as I was making out the bills, I was amazed at the amounts they were spending every time they came to the course.

Q. Your father was a carpenter and a cabinet maker, wasn't he?

PRICE: Yes, and my mother was an excellent seamstress and a fine cook. That's about as basic as you can get. I was brought up to appreciate the crafts, and because of this I'm much more indignant that the average person about the activities of the stinking politicos, the money-changers, and other varieties of low-callings.

By the way, Coytesville was the birthplace of the movie industry (Ft. Lee) and my father worked for a time in the studios. This was also where George (Pop) Hart, the artist who was a great influence on me, worked.

Q. How did you get your professional start in art?

PRICE: Well, I'd been so interested in sketching from life that I thought this would be a great way to earn a living, but before the advent of the New Yorker it was pretty tough going. In fact, in one of my more desperate moments, I almost took a job as a subway guard. My first art job was with a poster outfit and then I was art director of a small agency that specialized in women's wearing apparel. I was fooling around with I. Miller shoes, hosiery, brassieres, etc. This was a living until I started selling spots to the New Yorker. They used to pay $7.50 for them and I think these were the best drawings I ever made for them — they were sketches. I was also drawing for 'Life' and 'Judge' at this time too.

I was discouraged with the idea of being a political cartoonist — they weren't saying much in political cartooning — you weren't allowed to. In fact, the policy of newspapers has been pretty awful from the very beginning. I decided that the magazine cartoon field

Drawing by George Price
© 1972 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"When hootenanny beckons us, we're ready."

Drawing by George Price
© 1964 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

(principally the New Yorker) was the best place to try and use what abilities I have with a minimum of compromising. I got acquainted with a couple of gag men early in my career — I used to pass out drawings to them, they'd add lines underneath them, and I sold quite a few that way. I don't think up many of my ideas — I work off and on with a couple of gag men nowadays, one up in Connecticut and one out in California. They may send me a batch of 20 and perhaps a couple of them will appeal to me.

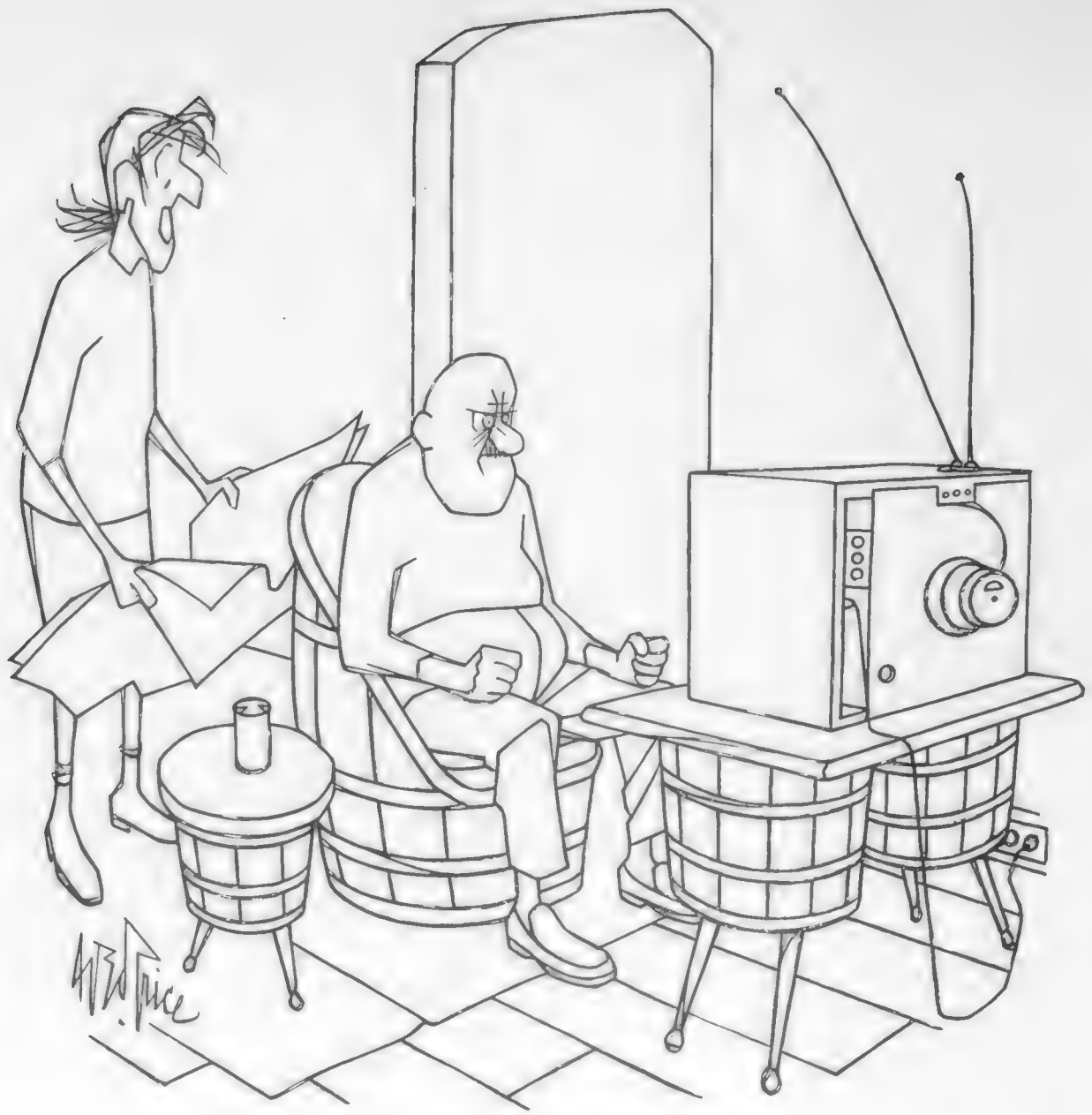
I don't keep any rigid schedule, and my best working time is at night. I make very elaborate roughs to submit, and I often totally redraw something if I think I can do it a little better. That's one of the discouraging things about the magazine cartoon business — it's generally on a speculative basis. But I can't complain because most of the things I draw for the New Yorker nowadays are farmed out to me, which takes most of the speculation out of it.

I probably spend more time than the average cartoonist does in getting a pleasing arrangement of the elements in a drawing, and I enjoy making my furniture as demented as my people.

I spend a good deal of time making up interesting interiors, and this, I think, is an important part of a drawing. I do this partly because of my interest in furniture (which I'll have something to say about a little later), but I don't live with the schlock I put in my drawings — that's for sure!

One time I drew a combination bureau and bed — one of those things you pull out and which serves as a bureau during the day and as a bed at night, which brought a big laugh from the late Harold Ross, the founder of the New Yorker. Ross looked at it, laughed and said, "There isn't any such thing!" I was indignant and replied, "You don't get around in the right places. If you don't believe such a piece of furniture as this really exists, just come over to Coytesville and I'll show it to you!" I might add that he used the cartoon. Incidentally, Ross had a funny habit of locking his briefcase to his wrist when he went to lunch because he'd found that he'd often leave umbrellas, etc., behind in a restaurant.

If I'm drawing a certain type of character, I try



"Have you got a minute to help me compose a crank letter?"

Drawing by George Price
© 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

to get into the spirit of the thing – and my wife complains about the faces I make while I'm working. All cartoonists, I guess, are actors in a way. People sometimes ask me to define 'humor' and I have to say that it's as hard to define as 'the truth' – the two of them are pretty much the same. I think it's pretty discouraging to see what the average American laughs at, and who his humorists are. I have pet peeves about people like Bob Hope and Norman Rockwell and the guys in the ad agencies who are thinking up things like the Benson & Hedges ads, etc

Incidentally, I haven't enough outlet for many of my thoughts on the shape of things so I write indignant letters to the editor – and this is a very pertinent part of my makeup.

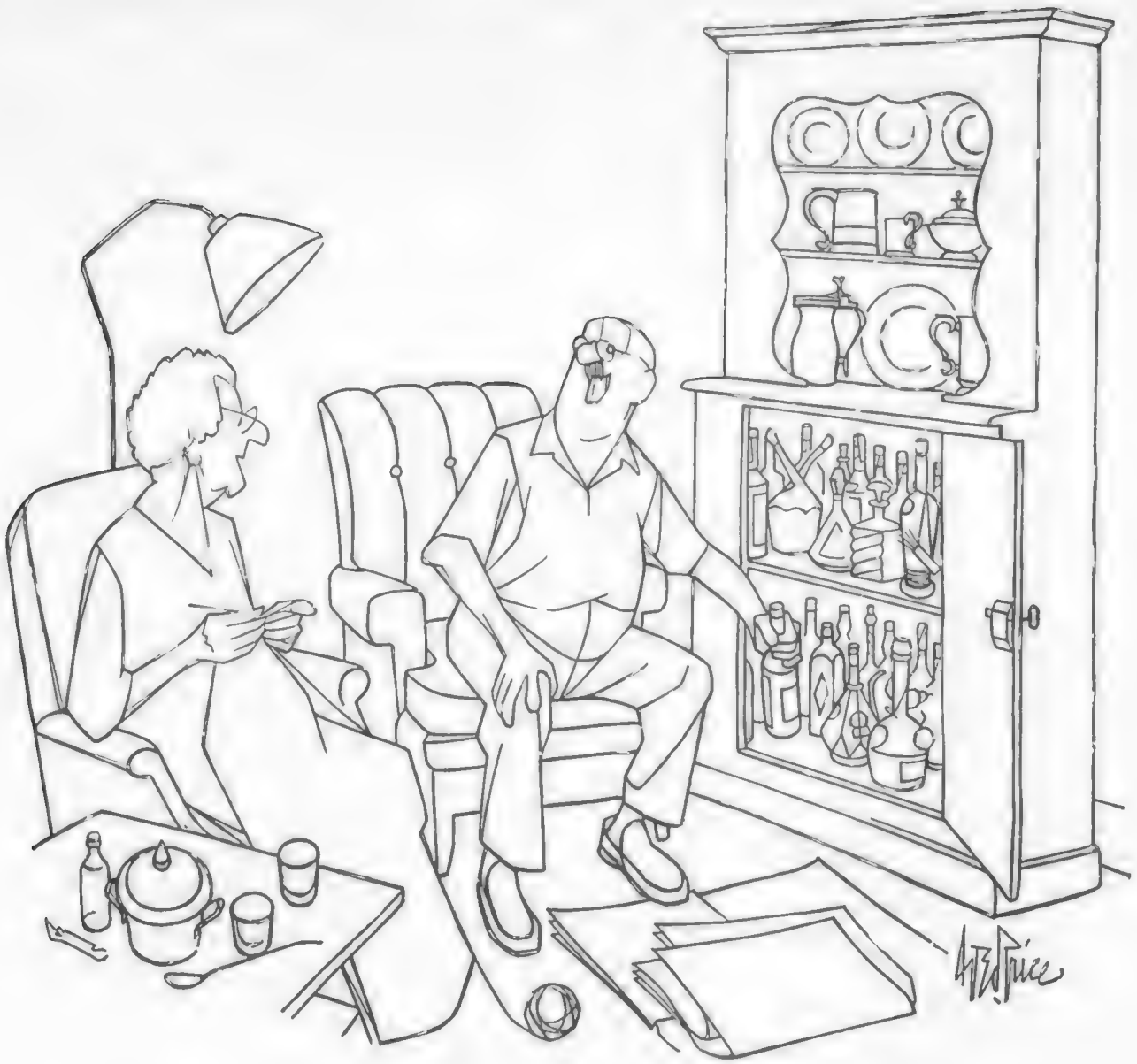
Q. All cartoonists that I know of are very much interested in your cartoon technique. What about that?

PRICE: Well, I think talking about that double-line bit of mine is putting the emphasis in the wrong place. It's as simple as this — I use a crow quill pen, if I want a thin line I just press lightly, and if I need a heavier stroke, I bear down and get a double line. But I don't think that's important – I'd probably draw just as well with a burnt match stick. I suppose, in a way, that technique is important to identify an artist. Maybe the answer about technique is that I work harder on my things, and I'm not as prolific as most cartoonists - certainly not as much as I used to be. I'm not working as hard these days – after all doing these things for 40 years and filling up a good many albums with them, it gets to be a drag sometimes. Often, unless I'm inspired by a very funny thing, I don't even feel like drawing it up.

Besides there are other things that I want to do anyway. I like to spend some time reading, and I like to draw things just for my own amusement. You know that I have a good many books filled with matted sketches I've done in various places, sketches which have never been published, and which I look at from time to time just for my own pleasure. And some of these are my best work I think.

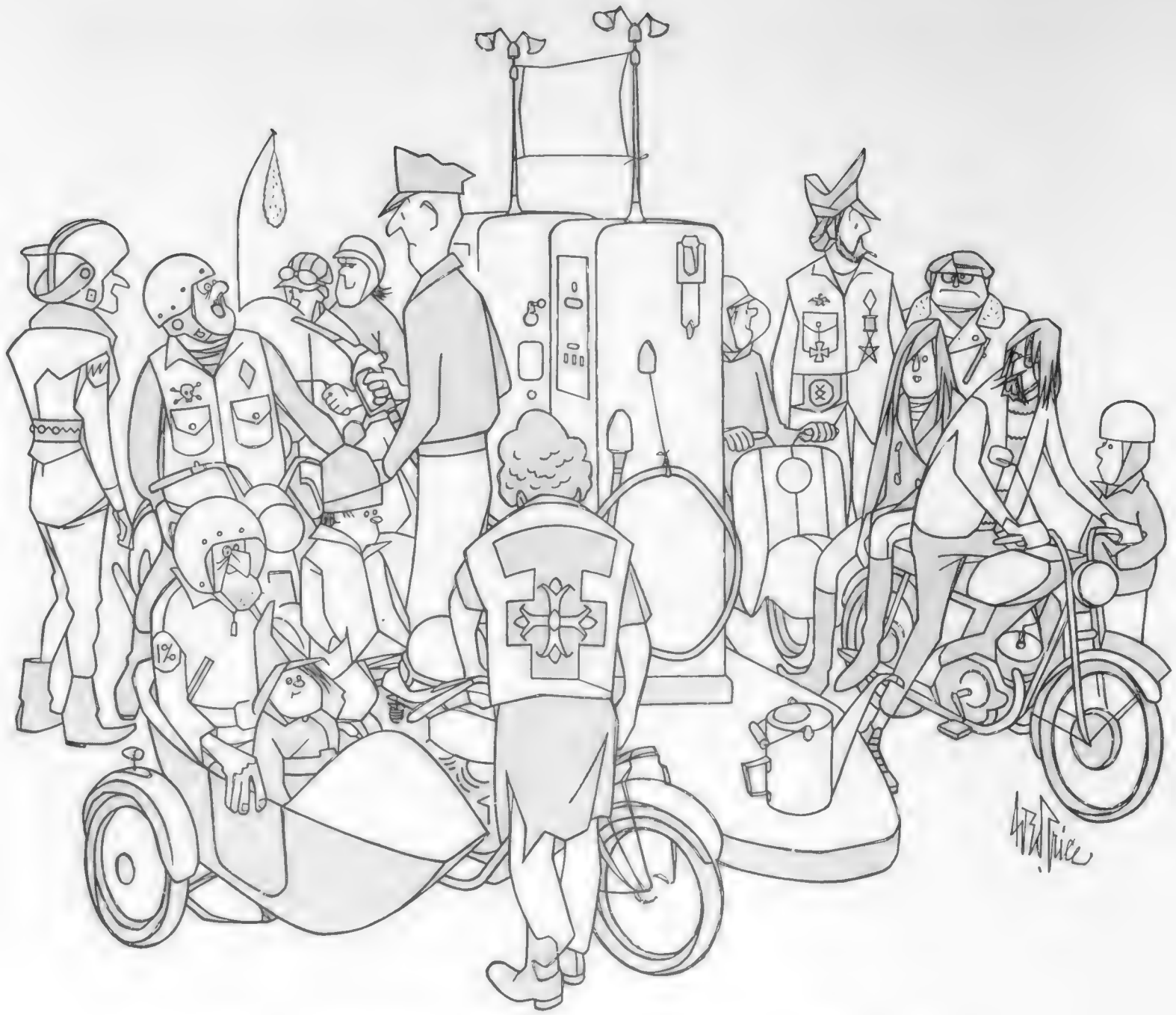
Then I have a great interest in fine furniture which began, I suppose, when we bought our house here 34 years ago. It was begun in 1720, a south wing was added in 1745, the middle section was enlarged to a gambrel roof structure, etc. I'll tell you a little about the furniture interest, if you don't mind my bragging a bit. At the time we bought the house, you could buy antique furniture cheaply, and in this room we're sitting in there are Windsor chairs that are as fine as anything they have in the Metropolitan, and which cost me something like two for $40. And the last time I looked at an antique show, similar chairs were $650.

Photo by Stu Davis



"Well, shall we get on with our golden years?"

Drawing by George Price
1968 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



"We figure the family that gets its kicks together sticks together."

Drawing by George Price
© 1967 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

The same goes for the glass over there and the ceramics — all very choice things. Thirty years ago you could be fussy about what you bought, and without knowing too much about these things technically, being an artist I could tell a good thing when I saw it, a little better than the average person. Incidentally, the big dealers in New York are buying back the things they sold years ago. They keep notes on where things are, and I suppose when I keel over they'll probably be over here like a swarm of locusts.

Q. You collect modern French prints, don't you?

PRICE: Yes, I have quite a valuable collection of those, having bought at the time when they weren't so expensive. I was buying Paul Klees for $25 before everyone got on the bandwagon, and there probably aren't any around for less than $1000 now.

As long as I'm talking about my interests, I'm a great music lover, and I've got a helluva fine hi-fi system here with a library of records that I devote a lot of time to. Most of my friends are musicians, by the way. I don't care for opera or for most pop music, and I think that musical comedies are the lowest on my totem pole. This house and its furnishings often reflect the artistic, literary and musical taste of its owner. For example, with Picassos, Klees and Braque on the walls, you're apt to find the record collection loaded with Ravel, Debussy and Stravinsky, and a collector of African and Mexican primitives is quite apt to be a lover of good jazz. Queen Ann furniture and the crafts of the Eighteenth Century — I can't imagine a more congenial setting for listening to Bach and Mozart. I've gotten very interested in Bach lately — the religious music — although I don't consider myself a religious person. More of my heroes -- Rembrandt, El Greco and Gesualdo and Monteverdi. There are no Warhols in this house and no musical comedies either!

Some Thoughts about Donating Original Cartoons to Institutions . . .

Before his recent death, famed New Yorker cartoonist, ALAN DUNN, made some comments to your editor about cartoon donations, and we think our readers will benefit from his experienced opinions in this connection.

Jan. 29, 1974

Dear Jud Hurd,

It might be of interest to fellow cartoonists who are contemplating the donation of their originals to institutions in order to preserve them for posterity that unless the gift is carefully "restricted" their dream may not come true.

Before 1969 when artists received liberal tax deductions for their donations I and my wife, Mary Petty, also one of the earliest New Yorker contributors, gave the bulk of our work to leading institutions. To one university with the largest collection of social-comment art we even willed our residual estate, which at that time would have provided a comprehensive course of study in the history of cartooning.

Since then the universities have come on hard times. When the learned curator of the one to whom we gave the most was replaced I asked about the future of the collections from his successor, only to receive a demand for a copy of our will! This was highly irregular on the part of a beneficiary but I humbly complied.

To compensate for my wounded feelings I made exhaustive inquiries among lawyers, curators and college officials whom I knew. The results were discouraging. *Any* donation can be sold or de-accessed by an institution and the proceeds put into General Funds for washing windows, for football uniforms, etc. The dedication to knowledge has become subservient to the desire for money.

There is only one protection for the donor and that is to label the gift "In Memory of----" someone, and *not* to insert the "Corrective Clause" which the institution recommends. Even then they can send your art out on loan where, in case of loss, the insurance proceeds go into General Funds. The same in case your collection is kept in a place subject to fire, flood or tornado.

So, there is no real security for your original works unless, someday, a foundation comes forth with the funds to build a permanent repository for all of the significant comic, social and political cartoon art of America. Therein would lie, in capsule form, the real history of our times.

Sincerely,
Alan Dunn

"Sir, this is your official car."

Drawing by Alan Dunn
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DRAPER HILL

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL

Photo by Dave Darnell — The Commercial Appeal (Memphis)

DRAPER HILL

In addition to his duties as editorial cartoonist for 'The Commercial Appeal' (Memphis, Tenn.), DRAPER HILL is a researcher and scholar, concerned with a number of the English satirical cartoonists of the 18th and 19th centuries, and also with some of those of the present day. He has authored books about, and arranged exhibits of the work of James Gillray, for instance, which form the first really definitive literature on that artist. Other Hill books in recent years are 'Illingworth on Target', 'Cartoons & Caricatures by Bert Thomas', 'The Lively Art of J.P. Alley', and his latest, done in collaboration with James Roper, and glorifying the pun, 'The Decline and Fall of the Gibbon'. Draper was interviewed for this story by LYDEL SIMS, the popular columnist for The Commercial Appeal. Mr. Sims is a Memphis institution, and we thank him for the provocative answers that he drew from Draper.

SIMS: I think it might be good to begin with a letter to the editor of The Commercial Appeal that I've been saving for some time—typical of many letters we get. This one says, "We have subscribed to your newspaper for more than 30 years and have generally liked it very much. However, we must now complain—instead of getting our day off to a good start by reading The Commercial Appeal, we now do a slow burn almost daily. The cause of this is the cartoonist, Draper Hill. His blatant arrogance and narrow, slanted approach have finally move us to react—the September 21 offering by Mr. Hill was the last straw. This nation needs a lot of things but such expert meddling into international politics is not included. Showing our Secretary of State, who does have a proven track record, in such a bad light is a disservice to America." Doesn't this alarm you, Draper, that you're disturbing our readers?

HILL: I hate to spoil breakfasts but if you're not making some kind of a fuss in this trade, you're not getting the point across. Some of the most useful mail to start my morning off comes in that vein. Some months back there was a lady who argued very persuasively that I had qualified for deportation under the Alien & Sedation Act! Reader reaction is important to all of us and it's nice to know when you're dropping stones in a well that there is a splash at the other end. I like to think of the editorial cartoon as a lightning rod to sop up all that excess emotion that's floating around the stratosphere—it has a catalytic function. But I should add that if the cartoon doesn't entertain to begin with, it's not going to get off the ground. You have to woo an audience before you can hope to influence it in any way.

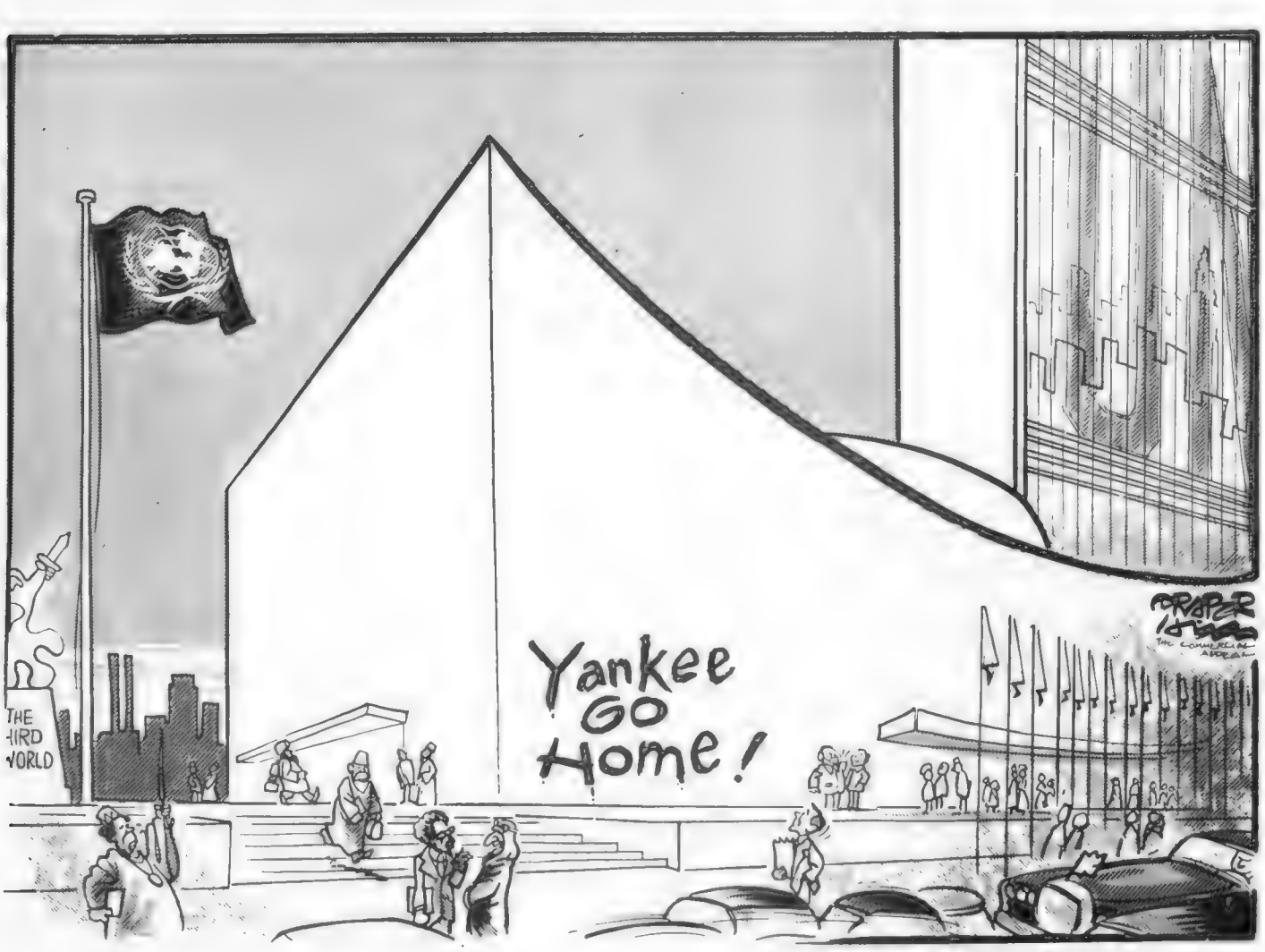
SIMS: Could we have a little of your history at this point?

HILL: I was born in Boston in 1935—my father was a good Republican and an investment banker, and my first brush with communication was printing 'Vote for Dewey' stickers on a little hand press in 1944. I went to Wellesley High School, just southwest of Boston, where I did all the drawing I could manage—mostly sports features. I guess I was primarily interested in cartooning as a means of getting myself elected president of the sophomore class.

After I was accepted at Harvard, I found that their newspaper, The Crimson, already had a first-rate cartoonist who could also write and take photos, who had just come back from Korea, and who was 8 years older than I was. So I applied for The Lampoon, the monthly humor magazine, and for 4 years most of the work I tried to do was very much oriented in the direction of the New Yorker type of gag cartoon. This tendency of mine toward magazine humor has had a strong influence on the way I approach news and try to make some kind of entertaining comment out of the raw stuff of day-to-day politics.

It wasn't until about the end of my Harvard career that I developed a fascination for editorial cartooning. I had written a long paper on Thomas Nast and then a thesis on Joseph Keppler and 'Puck' magazine. And I'd made a fairly serious study of the rise of a school of comic art in America after 1876. These efforts started to turn me from the straight gag work toward thinking of the cartoon in a political context. I graduated from Harvard in 1957, with a degree in History, and received a job offer from a large electronics firm—the proposed task being to assume the role of assistant art director in charge of making heavy electronic machinery sexually attractive. It involved air brush and I took the summer to think about it, kicking around Europe in the best-approved grand tour tradition. All my clothing was stolen in Strasbourg in the last week so I crossed the Channel from Paris to London which was supposed to be the place to buy clothes. Then I remembered that it was also the place where David Low drew cartoons, so I got out the London phone book, looked him up, dialed, and reached Mrs. Low. She greeted me with, "Oh, you're an American cartoonist—David would be so happy to meet you—it's terribly awkward—he's all tied up next week—could you come to tea tomorrow?" Low himself turned out to be absolutely charming, and he displayed an amazing familiarity with American political cartooning. It seems that in 1919, in Australia, he tossed a coin to decide whether he'd go to

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR WAY OF LIFE!
I'M THINKING IT OVER
ARAB OIL
DRAPER HILL
THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL


THE THIRD WORLD
Yankee GO Home!
DRAPER HILL
THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL

This cartoon referred to a sweet miss named Charlotte from the bucolic section of a neighboring state, who became a great friend of most of the Memphis police force a year or so back. I must have had 50 or 60 suggestions the day after the cartoon appeared, and at least 20 of them suggested that I should draw the police in a chorus line and have them singing, "Hush, hush, sweet Charlotte."

The Spirit of $.76

THE U.S. TREASURY HAS ASKED CONGRESS FOR AUTHORIZATION TO MINT BICENTENNIAL DOLLARS BEARING "AN APPROPRIATE REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN"

London or New York to make his fortune. The afternoon I spent with Low, and the original drawing he gave me, and on which I floated out of West Kensington and back in the general direction of my bed-and-breakfast place near Kings Cross, decided me once and for all against the task of making heavy electronic machinery sexually attractive! So I came home and got a job as an obituary writer for The Patriot Ledger in Quincy, Massachusetts, where over the next three years I gradually insinuated myself as a political cartoonist. Before that I did illustrations for the letters column and for the recipes on the women's pages.

Then I applied for a Fulbright grant in 1959 and, to my amazement, received it in the spring of 1960. In return for the grant I proposed to make a long and deadly-serious study of how we could come to understand the English, and they us, by examining each other's political cartoons. So, at age 24, I was attached to The Slade School of Fine Arts in London, and for the first time had some serious formal training in life drawing and perspective. I put in 3 years of a very intense academic discipline there. The British Museum was just a 10 minute walk from the school and by sometimes playing hooky in the afternoon, I could lose myself in a treasure house of the brilliantly hand-colored 18th-Century satirical prints of Gillray and Rowlandson, and of early 19th-Century work by men like Cruikshank (1792-1878). This was a revelation since I hadn't thought in terms of a tremendously vital, ferocious school of satire being in existence before Nast and Keppler. These cartooning foundations laid in the mid-18th Century, still remain to be explored by a serious historian. I got deeply into Gillray's life and his relationship to the politicians of the time, and I was fascinated by the easy relationship which existed between political comment and the political life. The politicians and the caricaturists were all in the same boat — caricaturists had to stalk their prey in the streets and from the gallery of the House of Commons, and they came up with something which was a much more vital document of their quarry than what we're apt to get third-hand from TV or news pictures. My own immersion in the 18th Century deepened my understanding of satirical draftsmanship. Studying the masters of the past can save a cartoonist a lot of time — he can get a broad notion of what has been done in the past, so he's less likely to latch onto some kind of false god whose style coincides congenially with his own.

Through the mid 1960's I bounced back and forth between Worcester, Massachusetts, where I drew the editorial cartoon for The Worcester Telegram from '64 to '71, and London where I was concerned with the several books I eventually did on Gillray. Then in the winter of 1971 I was offered the job as cartoonist for The Commercial Appeal in Memphis — succeeding Cal Alley who had died the previous October.

SIMS: Would you tell us about your working habits?

HILL: The Commercial Appeal being a morning paper, we have an editorial conference each day at 11. By then I try to have absorbed both Memphis papers, what I can from the news wires, and I have some notion of what I'd like to do for the day's cartoon. After the conference I take a longish lunch hour, thinking of how best to compose the cartoon I've decided on. If it's a costume piece, and I've got some necessary scrap at home, there's time to go and get it, or maybe I will have lured my wife halfway downtown for lunch on the

DAVID LOW prepares to unveil a restoration of James Gillray's gravestone in the churchyard of St. James's Piccadilly, in central London on November 16, 1961. Also taking part, L to R, are 'Vicky' (the late Victor Weisz of the Evening Standard), Henry Rushbury (noted English etcher), Draper Hill, Michael Cummings (of the Daily Express), Rector J.S. Brewis (of St. James's), Humphrey Brooke (of the Royal Academy of Arts) and Mrs. Barbara Spry (a cousin of Draper Hill's father). The project to replace the marker was undertaken by Low, and by Hill (then a Fulbright scholar at work on a biography of Gillray (1756-1815). The original stone had been destroyed during the blitz. David Low was knighted in June 1962, and died in September 1963.

pretext of bringing the material to me. After lunch I rough the cartoon on a sheet of 'Grafix' board (No. 224) with a very hard pencil. I try to do all my suffering on the finished drawing board—drawing very lightly because if you make more than about 2 erasures, you won't be able to develop the area with the chemical. Occasionally when I have a particularly complicated design, I'll work it out in detail on a sheet of tracing paper and then transfer it. I use a big, fat brush heavily for the inking, and swing in pretty juicy curves and try to make the drawing look as though it had just happened and had been done in a rush. The whole trick is successfully concealing the inevitable effort that was involved. Finally I apply the 2 chemical tones that give a range of shades—and sometimes I even compound this with a zipatone screen on top of it all where the effect of light is particularly important.

SIMS: You're doing a good many local cartoons these days, aren't you?

HILL: Yes — a steady diet of strong local cartoons are about the best magnet the cartoonist has to hold the enthusiasm of his local audience.

Ordinarily I steer away from most stereotypes, except maybe Uncle Sam. In this case, although the world has been used by cartoonists time and again as something for leaders to strut upon, to slice up, to play volley ball with, I couldn't resist using it again here.

Thus (expletive deleted) I clothe
(inaudible) naked villany in
bits and pieces stolen forth
of holy writ (expletive removed)
— and seem a (inaudible) saint
when most I play the Devil...
— Richard III
Act I, Scene (bleep)

. I had been looking for an opportunity to use an appropriate Shakespearean allusion, and when I first got the idea for this cartoon, it seemed to me that the quote by itself was very strong stuff politically. So I sat on it for about 6 months until the presidential involvement became less obscure and we knew about the transcripts. At this point I felt I could break the quote up with 'expletive deleted' — 'inaudible', etc., and this tended to play the high flown Shakespearean language against the broad comedy of the transcripts. In this way I sugar-coated the classical allusion in a way that may have made it more palatable to some readers.

SIMS: Why do you often appear in your own cartoons?

HILL: Well, when I'm doing a crowd scene in a cartoon, I'm usually on deadline and I know that mine is one face on which I can suggest all the emotions I may need — stupidity, incompetence, complete bewilderment. In other words, I'm a good cheap extra.

SIMS: What about your habit of punning?

HILL: Let me say first of all that you can draw very effectively, and have a strong point to express, and your audience still isn't going to be impressed by the cartoon unless they agree with it. Now a pun is one more weapon in the bag of tricks which helps to wed your words and the drawing in your readers' memories. I'll include a sample of a particularly atrocious pun that I used in a cartoon involving Nixon and Brezhnev.

SIMS: You use literary and historical allusions more than most cartoonists, don't you?

HILL: My fondness for them arises from my

This cartoon was interpreted in diametrically opposite ways. Some people who had sympathized with Nixon from the beginning found this a terribly cruel and vindictive cartoon. But more people thought it was compassionate.

Photo by Saul Brown

The Hill family — Jennifer, Draper, his wife Sarah, and Jonathan. (1973)

grounding in Nast and Keppler but the 18th Century English cartoonists were just as fond of dipping into Shakespeare and Milton, and did so with great effect. In this connection, I'm including here a cartoon which involves a monologue of Richard III in a Watergate context.

SIMS: Was it difficult to shift from Massachusetts, where you were previously, to doing editorial cartoons in Memphis?

HILL: Initially I had some concern — I had done my homework in local history in Massachusetts and, as a Bostonian born and bred, I could manipulate the regional historical treasures like Paul Revere, and a good many more, without difficulty. And I've tried down here to get into Memphis and Tennessee history sufficiently so that I can make intelligent comments with some depth. But sometimes coming in from the outside can be a very useful thing and many cartoonists have bloomed on soil alien to their origins. A good example was David Low, who went in his teens from New Zealand to Australia, and then after 6 or 7 years to London where in short order he was recognized as the leading cartoonist in the world. I may be more aware of differences and absurdities that might otherwise have escaped me if I had been brought up in Memphis.

Speaking of Low, I wish everybody interested in entering this racket could look over a marvelous little essay called 'The Mad Designer' which he wrote in 1935. It deals with

One of my frequent appearances in my own cartoons.

the relationship between caricature and political people. If a potential cartoonist was going to be marooned on a desert island, and had the pick of 2 books, I'd say that Low's autobiography (1956) and 'The Mad Designer' would get him a long way down the line.

SIMS: I know you urge aspiring cartoonists to get as extensive an education in the humanities as they can manage.

HILL: Yes, the profession engages just about every area of human curiosity — history, writing, narrative, English literature, art, a knowledge of styles and traditions of telling a picture story in the past. The more opportunity

"At night when you're asleep, into de tente I'll creep..."

"I cannot and will not urge any parent to send his child into a ghetto school..."

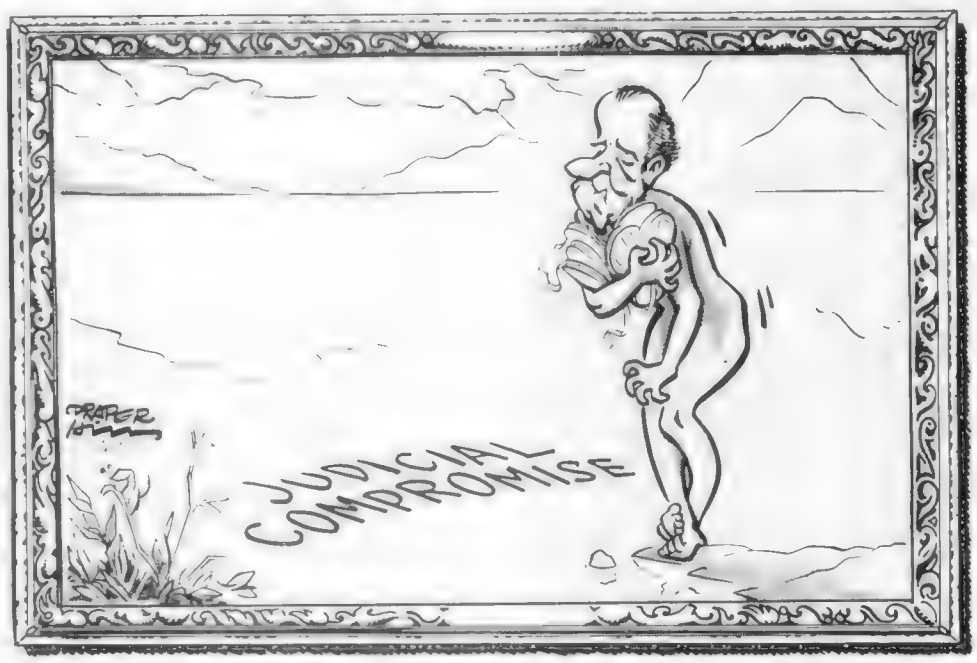
It's often effective to take a man's own words and place them in a different context. The reaction of the black audience in front of this TV set to the speech by the Mayor of Memphis (in opposition to an imminent court-ordered busing program) was very different from the reaction it got when he gave the speech in a community on Memphis' white northern perimeter.

you have to broaden your curiosity in all sorts of directions, the stronger you'll be, so if a 4-year college is a possibility, that's the thing to do.

SIMS: How much freedom should the cartoonist have on the editorial page of his paper?

HILL: Maybe a little bit more than is good for the digestion of his immediate superior. The cartoon is a signed product, representing an individual opinion. I don't object to seeing it run on the Op-Ed page if the editor feels that he would like to have a cartoon presenting strong views which are clearly not those of the paper. The happiest situation is where the paper has a cartoonist who's been hired because he has a community of interest with the paper on most subjects. If he earns the confidence of both his audience and his editor, he's going to be serving the best interests of everybody if he's permitted to show his individual differences of opinion with the standard editorial position of the paper. The editorial opinion of The Commercial Appeal is principally determined by the reactions and interests of the editor, but arrived at in an extremely democratic fashion with full and complete discussion involving the editor, the editorial writers, and the cartoonist. David Low, by the way, was the only cartoonist whose contract required his paper to publish anything he gave them. Most papers reserve the veto right but don't force a cartoonist to draw something. During our recent election here in Memphis I didn't feel any pressure to support the paper's candidates. ●

September Morn



humorous illustration

ROLAND MICHAUD

Photo by Bill Crouch Jr.

Working on a storyboard.

Michaud cartoon for SATURDAY REVIEW

Roland Michaud is a man equally at home doing advertising art or magazine gag cartooning. His profession as printed on his business card is "humorous illustration." This is according to Michaud because there still is the feeling among advertising agencies that a cartoonist is somewhat less than an artist.

A graduate of Rhode Island School of Design and a sketch artist with BBDO for 10 years before going freelance, Michaud received the NCS award for best work in the advertising field in 1969. He was interviewed recently by Bill Crouch Jr. While Michaud claims luck was a big factor in his advertising career, he does have a perspective on advertising cartoons that is different from that of most cartoonists.

He and his wife Sue and their children Michelle, 11, Mike, 9, and Aimee, 6, live in suburban northern New Jersey.

CROUCH: This is a world of specialists. What would you say was your specialty that has resulted in success in dealing with major advertising agencies?

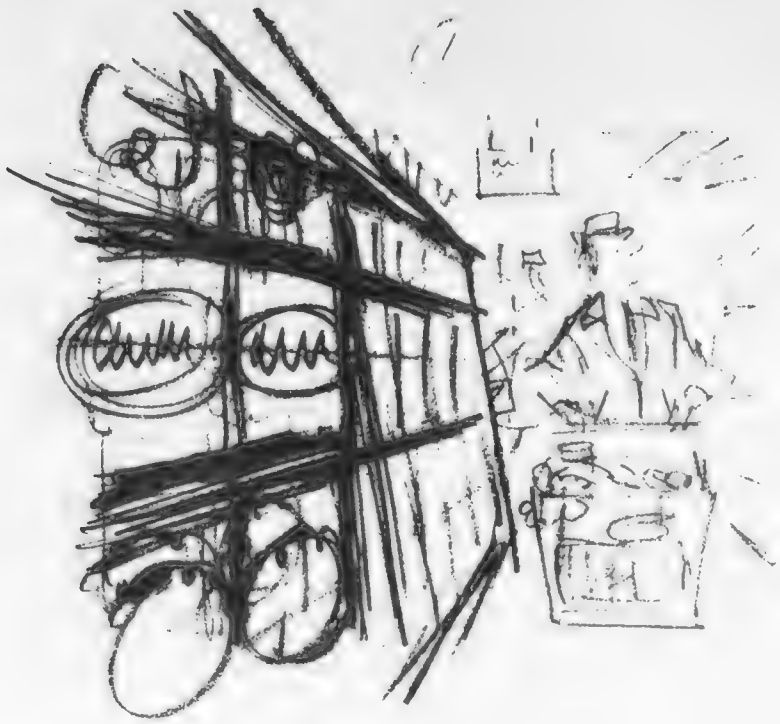
MICHAUD: I do a great deal of story boards that are then turned into live action ads. My most important ability is not visualizing the product but getting the right emotions across in the people used in the ad. This type of work is something I lucked into. I think it would be very difficult to walk into an agency and sell it. It's one way cartooning is used in advertising but no panacea for entry into the field.

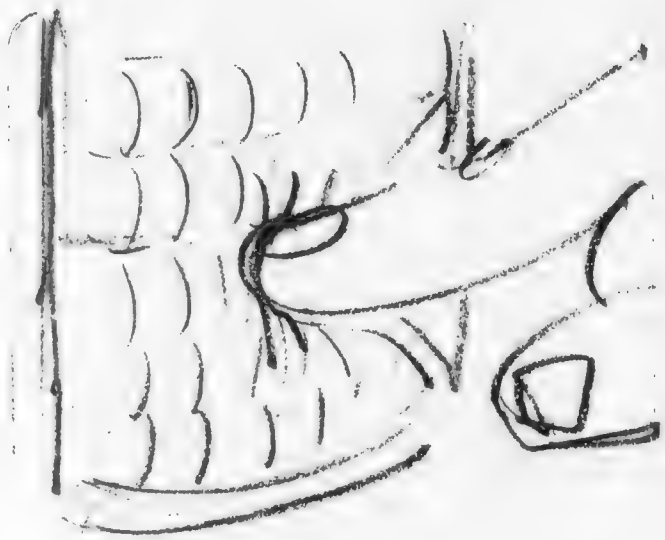
CROUCH: How did you "luck into" it?

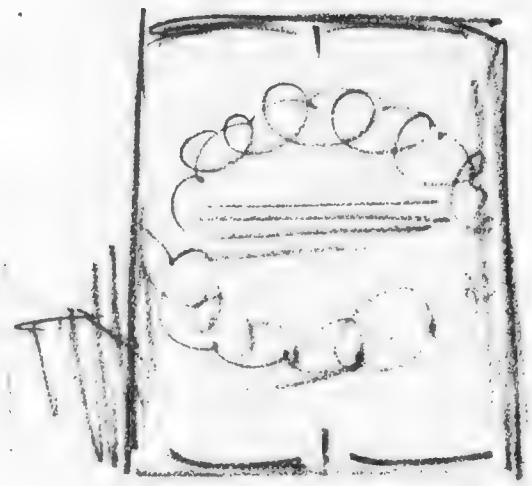
MICHAUD: Back in 1954, after three years as a civilian employee of the Army Map Service and a year with a sewing machine company in New York, I put a portfolio together and made a second attempt at cracking the New York art market. My first had not been successful and had resulted in my becoming one of the best river men at the map service. We'd take stereo pictures and translate them into a map. For a river you used a pen with a point you'd filed. You started it at a tiny fraction of an inch and brought it down to zero.

One day I was making the rounds with my portfolio in a bad rain, feeling both wet and discouraged. I entered a building's lobby to dry out and noticed the BBDO agency had offices there. I showed them my work and two weeks later was hired as a sketch artist. My first job was the Dupont account. I spent days drawing nothing but cellophane packaging.

I was a sketch artist, not a bull pen artist or art director. When I arrived, BBDO had 24 sketch artists and when I left to freelance in







Michaud's penciling of a storyboard for a live-action toilet paper ad. Customer hunts for right brand, finds it, gloats, forgets how much his wife told him to buy.

"I didn't want anything, Miss Ripple. I just wanted to see you!"

Photo by Bill Crouch Jr.

An ice hockey drawing on the board.

Michaud sports cartoon in the new style he sold NBC-TV.

"This is going to raise hell with the National League."

1964, there were only three. The clients no longer expected to see almost finished art when buying a campaign. Instead, the art directors wanted the idea expressed in quick strokes. Seeing this, I changed from doing tight finished art in pastels to doing facial expression and body movements quickly in colored markers.

CROUCH: How important are colored markers in advertising cartooning today?

MICHAUD: I saw pencils, pastels and paint go down the drain. You only need one picture normally for a print media ad, but a live 30-second TV spot needs 12 or more. The quick cartoon style gave agencies leeway with which to build the campaign with the client. If finished art is shown the client will expect the ad to be exactly the same in every detail.

Experience is the best teacher. For me visualizing paper works best. I start out working in pencil, trying to capture the emotions needed in the ad's script. I know your readers like to know about materials and I use a 406-R Dalton Admaster pad and favor Magic Marker brand markers. Then it's simply a matter of putting another piece of paper on top of the pencil and doing it in marker. Putting the color in is the fun part. Though less showy, the pencil is the hardest part.

CROUCH: Has this type of quick fluid-style cartooning had any spin-offs for you?

MICHAUD: I used to do sports cartooning just as a hobby when I worked for the map service. However, I developed an idea about doing sports art in colored markers and without knowing a soul, went to NBC-TV with it. I just walked in with my portfolio of sports artwork in this style and asked to see the art department. They directed me to the sports department and I was lucky they liked the idea. Some of my golf pictures were used last September over a two day period on the World Series of Golf. Also some football material was used in the promotional spots for the football season. The art has a fast action quality that projects well over TV.

CROUCH: I've always been curious about the 'D' in your signature. Is there a story behind it?

MICHAUD: It goes back to my start at freelance magazine gag cartooning. The 'D' stands for Joe Dibuono. He's in TV ad production now, but back in 1955 he was a mailboy at BBDO. He had a lot of magazine gag ideas and I was the only one he could talk into drawing them up. So I worked up eight or so and we both went over to the Saturday Evening Post's office and sold one on our first try out. I put the 'D' in my signature to stand for Joe's last name and never got around to taking it out. At the time William F. Brown was at BBDO and was selling magazine gag stuff. His encouragement meant a lot to me. Joe and I worked together for about two years.

CROUCH: What kind of format do you use in your magazine gag originals?

MICHAUD: I like 2-ply Strathmore with a kid finish and use it in an 8½ x 11 size. I work in both pen and brush but the First National City Bank campaign I did in 1969 influenced me to favor the pen more in my magazine gag stuff. My sister handles all my mailing for me, which is a bigger job than many people realize. Though I used to split my time in half, my advertising and other art such as my sports series are the greater part of my work today. However, I still really enjoy the magazine gag work. ●

Cartoonist and graphic artist, FRANK DRAKE, sends us this cartoon he did in memory of the late BOB MONTANA. Frank visited Bob in Meredith, New Hampshire, last summer and tells us of how proud Bob was of his organic farm and of how he pointed out all of its features.

Bob's art gallery in Meredith. *Photo by Loran Percy*

HEATHCLIFF

The cartoons of GEORGE GATELY have long been considered among the funniest ones around, so it's a pleasure for us to learn that George has a hit on his hands with his new cartoon panel, HEATHCLIFF, which is being distributed by The McNaught Syndicate! The panel made its debut on September 3, 1973, which was the same day that the news of the newsprint shortage first hit the front pages. The fact that Heathcliff made it, in spite of all this, is something of a feat in itself!

Haworth Photography — Pacific Palisades, CA.

Gerry Schwaderer, President of Pet Pride, with cartoonist George Gately.

"YOU MUST HAVE CAUGHT SOMETHING."

Q: George, how did you happen to come up with the 'Heathcliff' panel which seems to have caught on like a house-afire?

A: All through my cartoon life I've done drawings of cats, and for some reason or other, people would often tell me, "You draw the funniest looking cat I've ever seen." I don't know why they didn't comment on a dog or an alligator, or something else I did but the cats seemed to crack them up. We don't keep a cat here at home becase of a family allergy but my brother, Jack, has a cat that reminds me an awful lot of Heathcliff.

I guess when you decide to do a feature, you just sit down and think, "What's going to sell?" I fooled around with several ideas—one had to do with old-time Hollywood with all its nostalgia — but it would have been quite elaborate with a great many characters. When you look at the features that have been successful, you notice that they're usually very simple, and deal with things that people of every circumstance can relate to. Now that I'm doing a feature with a cat as the main character, I read almost everything I can about them — and you'd be surprised how many books there are on the subject. Another thing— nowadays I don't chase cats from my yard. There are a couple of them that come in regularly and I watch them. Jack's cat is king of all he surveys and no one can come onto his property — he's got his territory bordered off mentally and God forbid any other creature puts its big toe in the yard! With my brother's cat 'Sandy', and a dog called 'Dusty', I told them they ought to get a bird and call it 'Dirty'.

Q: Speaking of your brother, I'm not sure that all our readers realize that he's John Gallagher, the great cartoonist we featured in Issue No. 12 of CARTOONIST PROfiles. Why did **you** *adopt the name 'Gately'?*

A: Well, John had gotten into magazine cartooning before I did, being a few years older, and one day he took me with him to a Wednesday 'look' at The Saturday Evening Post. He introduced me to Marione Nickles, who was Cartoon Editor at that time, and who, fortunately, liked my work. But right off she said, "One thing will have to be done—your styles are so similar this is never going to work with both of you having the same name. People will think it's the same artist." Right then and there, on the spot I said, "Just drop the Gallagher and call me George Gately." My full name is George Gately Gallagher — the Gately having been my grandmother's maiden name. I had often thought that Gately would make a better professional name during my piano-playing days so the change happened right in Marione's office in 2 seconds!

Q: What's your method for coming up with funny ideas?

A: Well, I keep pads always near me and when things come to my mind, I'll jot them down. But for the real nitty gritty, I sit down at

the drawing board and put something in front of me — a magazine, newspaper, or most of the time one of the books of cartoons that my dad made up for John and me. He loved to draw and if he'd had his way, he would have been a cartoonist. One of the first jobs he had was with the N.Y. Daily News when it was in its infancy. Shortly after he left the paper to go into the shipping business, the News asked if any of the employes would like to do a comic, and out of this request, eventually developed their syndicate. But they were too late for my dad. Anyhow, my dad saw that my brother and I had Saturday Evening Posts piled to the ceiling so he started the mammoth job of consolidating these stacks by pasting a great many notebooks full of these cartoons by every cartoonist in the field. So I go through these books — I don't copy a gag but the process of looking at the cartoons gets my mind going and *I get immersed in humor.* I get in the 'muck and the mire of it', as it were. I've got to get my brain going. Maybe I'll happen to glance at a cartoon having something to do with a bank, and right next to it will be a milk gag. Maybe I can think of some tie-in between milk and a bank. In addition, I may make a list of subjects which, when they're all tossed together, may produce something usable.

And, along with this, I have a favorite ritual which I stick to. I'll take the original promotion piece which sold 'Heathcliff' in the first place, and which included a bunch of the first gags. I look them over and try to get the feeling of what made the panel hit as well as it did. I think there's a tendency among some cartoonists to lose the flavor of what originally made their feature go. Then I take the proofs of the last 4 to 6 weeks of Heathcliff, look at them very carefully, and make a challenge with myself — the next cartoons have got to be *even funnier!* In other words, I don't want to let down my guard — I'm never satisfied.

Q: The parents of some cartoonists have had their doubts about their children going into the art field because of the old 'starving in a garret' cliche. But yours never felt that way, did they?
A: No — they were all for it. My dad, for instance, was a marvelous help to John and me, besides compiling all the cartoon notebooks I've spoken about. In the shipping business, he dealt with figures all the time, so he did all our mailing, our bookkeeping and even our income taxes, until my other brother, Gerald, who's a lawyer, finally took over that chore. My dad had a great sense of humor and if ever you'd get up in the morning feeling 'blah', he could make you feel good very quickly. From the time Jack and I were children, we drew cartoons till they came out our ears and my parents always encouraged us — they thought cartooning was a *great* field! My mother, by the way, has collections of our stuff dating back to 1933. We had a house with a huge sunporch and we'd stay out there by the hour drawing. My dad would bring home huge rolls of paper from the piers — like the cream-colored wrapping paper in stores — and we'd cut these into mile-long strips in order to put on our own cartoon shows. We'd cut a couple of slits in a corn-muffin box, and thread these interminable strips of paper through them for a home-made movie projector. We'd done literally hundreds of cartoons telling a story and my folks had to sit down patiently in the evening while John and I pulled these drawings through, one by one, each with a detailed explanation!

Q: You put in a very long week, don't you? What's it like?
A: To begin with, I don't think of holidays, outside of Christmas. Because there are too many interruptions during daylight hours, I do a great deal of night work. Ordinarily I get up at between 11 and noon, and after a brunch, I sit down at the board and keep going from then on with time out for dinner, till maybe 3 or 4 AM. Now and then I may catnap in a chair for an hour or two but sometimes I have days when I go right through without sleep. And I guess I put in a minimum of 80 to 90 hours a week — easily. And for at least one of these days each week (noon to 3 or 4 AM) I concentrate entirely on ideas. Incidentally, in doing ideas you have to be a very strict editor with yourself — and at that you're never sure you're editing properly. As I mentioned before, you have to sort of sink into a mire of humor — with your head immersed — your whole being is involved in this process of idea-getting. I think my brother, Jack, said that you sometimes even forget where you are — it's almost like you're hypnotizing yourself!

Q: I know you're very particular about the backgrounds you put in 'Heathcliff'. Would you say something about that?
A: For one thing, I get some letters that I can tell are from very poor people so I'm very careful to never make the home in my cartoons look too fancy. I'm as interested in having the

"THE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE IS HERE TO SEE YOU."

"YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW HEATHCLIFF GOT DOWN OFF THE ROOF ALL BY HIMSELF."

"HEATHCLIFF LOVES TO SEE SOMEONE ***ELSE*** BEING PUT OUT FOR THE NIGHT."

"I THINK I CAN HANDLE IT, THANK YOU!"

poorest person relate to Heathcliff as I am to have the richest person. I don't want a reader to say, "Gee, I couldn't afford that house — it's really a lot better than mine!" You'll always see the same folksy type of lamp standing next to the chair — but whether it's a table lamp or a floor lamp, I use the same shade. Readers say to themselves, whenever they see one of these backgrounds, "That's Heathcliff's house." (I like them to identify with his home.) I haven't gone as far as Chic Young did in 'Blondie' always having Dagwood and Blondie with their chairs back-to-back in the living room, etc., so if a chair gets in my way, I'll put it in a different place. But you'll see my same chandelier in the hall, the same doilies on the back of chairs. The room isn't always exactly the same and I don't worry if the elderly couple who have Heathcliff aren't always sitting in the same chairs — after all they must have more than 2 chairs in the house. But if anyone is sitting in the living room, one or more of these trademarks of mine is always visible.

Q: You make a special effort on faces, don't you?

A: Yes — people comment that they get a kick out of the expressions on Heathcliff's face. For instance if I have a gag where he's looking around the corner as if he's just done something, the first thing I draw is that guilty face. If I don't get the expression I want, I throw it away and start again.

As part of the idea of getting immersed in humor, I often pick up those little figures of various comic characters you can buy in many stores, because I like to have humorous things around me. You can see a batch of them on the table over there.

Q: Do you make any kind of social comment in 'Heathcliff'?

A: No — I want no part of it! I have just one aim in doing the feature — if I can make a person get a laugh-a-day, I feel I've done an important thing. I thing there's enough of the social comment around and besides I don't want to alienate anybody. That's another of my missions — I'm very careful not to do anything that would offend anyone. In this connection, John alwa s thought the easiest type of cartoon to do was the social comment kind that The New Yorker uses. Cartoonists who do this type are constantly being fed new subjects from their daily newspapers whereas the cartoonist who's working for the general market has to do his gags 3 months ahead of time and has to produce them with the digging method I've described. As you've guessed by this time, I'm a fan of any kind of humor and I read everything on the subject. I'm hooked on Laurel & Hardy movies on TV and I also love the old musicals.

Q: What are some of the steps you follow from rough to finished cartoon?

A: First of all, I put some *very* rough scribbles down at the time I come up with an idea. But when I've decided to finish an idea, I make a detailed pencil drawing - I have to have every line down that I'm going to ink later. Next I tape this detailed rough, with masking tape, onto the back of a piece of Aquabee Bristol, plate finish, No. 1172. The title 'Heathcliff' and the border line of the panel has already been printed on my bristol board. Next I put the cartoon on the 'light box' and finish it with a Wolff's Carbon Pencil, HB

838 (Royal Sovereign). I do all my line work with this pencil and only use ink to fill in solid blacks. I used to use brushes but decided they weren't as good as they formerly were. You know how it is — sitting there with a razor blade trying to cut off that one little hair that spoils a sharp brush stroke. One slip and the brush is gone! And I never could figure out how to use a pen without making big blobs of ink on the paper. It's possible to get softer leads in the Wolff pencil but you could never keep a point with those. When I start off doing eyeballs, for instance, I 've got to have a very fine point, and since even the pencil I use breaks very easily, I keep 3 electric pencil-sharpeners going all the time. Of course you have to apply a fixative to the cartoon when you use a Wolff pencil and I've had trouble getting the kind I find best for this purpose Lloyd's. Right now I'm using Blair's. I give the cartoon a very light spray — about 3 times. If you put it on too heavily, you get a fuzzy surface. The Krylon you can get in any hardware store isn't right for professional use — it leaves the surface with a glossy coat. And fixative is toxic — I have a fan to get the odor out of my studio.

Q: You went out to the west coast recently to appear at a big cat show, didn't you?

A: Yes — each year the Santa Monica Cat Club takes over the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, for its Cat Show which is a benefit for 'Pet Pride', the National Humane Society for cats. This year the theme for the show was 'Comic Strip Cats', and the 500 exhibitors carried out their decorations in the same vein. The club honored Heathcliff as 'FELINE of the Year,' and his pop, George Gately, and I'm very proud of the award and the very attractive ribbon which you've noticed here on my studio wall. Pet Pride has a beautiful clinic and home for strays where the cats are allowed to roam around at will. A sun porch with shelves just to climb on, and a hooked rug to scratch on, are just some of the luxuries provided for the likes of Heathcliff. Gerry Schwaderer, the President of Pet Pride, arranged to have a lot of prints of a Heathcliff cartoon made up, and I sat at a table autographing them for 50¢ apiece. Incidentally, my mother acted as cashier, and I can report that we did a brisk business.

Judging from fan letters, and from things people told me at the show, it seems that cat lovers have embraced Heathcliff whole-heartedly. And of course I appreciate this very much.

Q: Readers of CARTOONIST PROfiles often write to inquire about the various newspaper syndicates. I know you've had some kind words to say about McNaught Syndicate which distributes your feature. Would you care to say a little something about that?

A: I don't want this to sound like flattery because it isn't. But they're great to deal with, and I've never seen any place with better teamwork — they never miss a chance to promote a comic. Charles McAdam, Jr., the President, Joy Louras, his secretary and Girl Friday, and Anne Rickey, the Editor, get as thrilled over a sale as I do! You can't have a better situation than that!

This page appeared in 1925 in the King Features magazine "Circulation".

Spank Buttercup? Horrors!—*By Jimmy Murphy*

HELLO, JIMMY!
HELLO THERE, JIMMY MURPHY! LISTEN! CAN I LEAVE BUTTERCUP WITH YOU WHILE TOOTS AND I ARE AT THE MATINEE?
SURE, CASPER! JUST SO HE BEHAVES HIMSELF! YOU KNOW I'VE RECEIVED SEVERAL HUNDRED LETTERS FROM TOOTS AND CASPER FANS SAYING THAT HE SHOULD BE SPANKED WHEN HE IS BAD!
WOOF!
SPANK BUTTERCUP? THE IDEA! HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF ANY THING SO DREADFUL!
JIMMY! CAN I TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SUNDAY PAGE YOU'RE WORKING ON?
SURE! I'M BEHIND ON MY SCHEDULE, AND I HAD TO WORK ALL NIGHT TO GET THIS IN TODAY!
DA
BUTTERCUP WANTS TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT, TOO!
ALL RIGHT, BABY! HERE YOU ARE!
YOU'VE GOTTA CRUST TO DRAW ME WITH BAGGY TROUSERS ALL THE TIME!
DA
TOOTS & CASPER
COME, CASPER! WE MUST HURRY! WE'RE LATE NOW!
SEE YOU LATER, JIMMY!
I'LL WALK OUT TO YOUR CAR WITH YOU!
DA!
YOU LITTLE SCAMP! YOU'VE TORN UP MY SUNDAY PAGE! IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T BE LEFT ALONE ONE MINUTE WITHOUT GETTING INTO SOME MISCHIEF!
Z-Z
DA
WELL= HERE'S WHERE I OBLIGE ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN WANTING TO SEE YOU GET A GOOD SPANKING!
WOW
GR-R-R!
JIMMY MURPHY

Phil Love

Here is another column by PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper stories, and producer of the weekly syndicated column, LOVE ON LIFE. As our readers well know, Phil has an endless fund of stories about cartoonists, and it's our pleasure to share them.

LOVE TO ALL

Something funny happened to me at the October 9-10 meeting of the Newspaper Comics Council in Greenwich, Conn. As a matter of fact, something funny happens to me nearly everywhere I go.

Since 1963, my gorgeous wife Ann and I have had a little hide-away called Chez When on the lower Potomac River in St. Mary's County, Md. For the last two or three years, our nearest neighbor has been Robert (Andy) Anders, art director for the Navy.

During the elbow calisthenics following the meeting on the 10th, a fellow sidled up to me and said:

"Your neighbor at Potomac Shores is my boss in the Navy's art department. I've visited his place many times, and he keeps promising to introduce me to you, but you're never there when I am. I had to come all the way to Greenwich to meet you."

"It really is a small world," I responded with that quick wit for which I'm noted. "Are you a cartoonist?"

"In Andy's department, I'm an all-round artist. But on my own time I draw a panel called 'Twitch' for the Al Smith Feature Service."

His name is Howard E. (How) Rands, and I still think that meeting him in Greenwich instead of at Potomac Shores was funny. Small world, you know.

* * *

ANOTHER FUNNY THING happened when Ray Rogers (King Features) introduced me to a chap he identified as "the retired feature editor" of such-and-such a newspaper.

"I'm not retired," the fellow so identified snapped. "I'm just not in the same old job."

"I didn't say 'retired,' " Ray retorted. "I said 'retarded.' "

"That's OK. Just don't call me 'retired.' "

No, I'm not going to tell you his name. As sensitive as he is, he might sue me, or Ray, or CARTOONIST PROfiles — or all three of us.

* * *

THEN THERE WAS the story told by Alfred Andriola (Kerry Drake) about a cartoonist who lives somewhere in the Greenwich area.

Joe D'Angelo (King Features) threw a lollapalooza of a party the evening of the 9th, and this ink-stained wretch forgot to go home.

At 4 a.m., he awakened in a motel room in a state of panic over what to tell his wife, who had expected him to be home by midnight at the latest.

The inventive genius peculiar to cartoonists finally rallied, however, and he dialed his home phone number. The moment he heard his wife's anxious "Hello," he blurted:

"Ethel! Don't pay the ransom! I've escaped!"

Then, before she could say anything, he hung up.

(Aside to any cartoonist's wife whose name happens to be Ethel: It wasn't your husband, ma'am. The name was changed to protect the guilty.)

(Editor's Note: That doesn't make sense. Whatever the wife's name may be, she'll still know it was her husband.)

(Author's Note: But she can't prove it. Besides, use of the wife's real name would identify the cartoonist to many readers, and he might sue you, me, Alfred — maybe all three of us. So many people are so litigiously inclined these days that one can't be too careful.)

* * *

FOR NO REASON at all, I'm reminded of the time Walt Kelly (Pogo) and I were chatting at one of the parties the then Post-Hall Syndicate used to give in connection with the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors (ASNE). A woman sashayed up to us, looked from my face to Walt's and back again, thrust her drink into her escort's hand and said, "Hold this, sweetie."

Then, to my amazement, she said to me: "I want to rub noses with you. May I?"

Before I could answer, she stood on tiptoe, leaned forward and rubbed her nose against mine so vigorously that I feared that my septum might be permanently deviated. I leaned backward as far as I could, but she only leaned farther forward and rubbed harder.

"That's enough, Peg," her companion said. "The gentleman may not share your enthusiasm for rubbing noses."

"That was fun," she exclaimed as she pulled back. "I just knew your nose is the kind I'd love to rub. It's just the right size and shape. Mmm!"

"I hope you'll excuse my wife," the man said. "Every time she has three martinis she wants to rub noses." Then, taking her by the elbow, "Come, Peg, you've had enough nose-rubbing for one night. Let's go beddy-by."

"I don't see anything so wonderful about your nose," Walt remarked as Peg was led away. "She must be a noseomaniac."

* * *

GETTING BACK to the Greenwich meeting, people were still talking about the Nixon pardon — as, indeed, they still are at the time of this writing. There was some support for President Ford's action, but the majority view was overwhelmingly against it. In the midst of one of the debates, Charlie McAdam (McNaught) quietly observed:

"I was talking about it with a psychiatrist friend the other day, and he said it was just a Fordian slip."

* * *

IN MY TALK on "The Comics: Their Past, Their Present, and Their Future," I harked back to my early boyhood, when "Buster Brown" was so popular that "millions of small boys wore Buster Brown haircuts, Buster Brown collars, and Buster Brown shoes."

Though Buster has been gone from the comics pages for more than half a century, I pointed out, "products bearing his name are still being made and sold. There's even a Historical Society of Buster Brown Comics and Marketing, a division of Buster Brown Textiles, Inc., with the slogan, "A Greater Future From a Great Past."

At the close of the meeting, as the stampede for the watering hole began, I was greeted by Frances Charman, curator of the Buster Brown Historical Society's Museum in New York, and her assistant, Ella Jones. Miss Charman had no sooner introduced herself and Miss Jones than a cartoonist who shall be nameless cut in:

"Say, you're not the Charmin those people in the TV commercials love to squeeze, are you?"

It was a bad pun, but Miss Charman laughed. "After the nice things Mr. Love said about Buster Brown and the Historical Society," she said, "I feel like squeezing myself."

* * *

I WAS ON PAGE 193 of the new 256-page book, "The Comics" (Putnam's: $15) when the phone rang. As Ann started for the den to answer it, I said:

"If it's for me, tell whoever it is that I'll call back. I'm into one of the most fascinating parts of this book by Jerry Robinson (Still Life, Flubs & Fluffs) and I have to finish it."

She was back in a few minutes. "Put the book down and go to the phone," she suggested. "It's somebody you'll want to talk with."

"Don't tell me it's Jerry Ford?"

"I'm not telling you who it is. Go to the phone. You'll be surprised."

She was right but I was half right. I *was* surprised, and it *was* a Jerry.

Resisting an almost overpowering impulse to say Speak of the devil, I said: "I was reading your book when the phone rang. How's it going?"

"Very well," he said, and went on to say he was in Washington to help arrange an Art Now exhibition of cartoons of all genres for the Kennedy Center, to open sometime in May and run for about six weeks.

Jerry (Robinson, that is) came for dinner the next evening, and his first words —well, almost— were, "Something funny happened to me on my way here."

But that will have to wait until the next CARTOONIST PROfiles. All I have space for now is this:

The Greenwich meeting is covered fully in a 10-page special issue of the little journal of culture and enlightenment that I get out for the Greater Buffalo Pres. If you didn't get a copy and would like to have one, write to GBP's v.p. for sales, Peter A. Vogt, 302 Grote St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14207. Tell him Jud sent you.

Photo by Jim Ruth

JOHN JOHNS

A recent trip which our familiar team, GERRY & JIM RUTH, took to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has resulted in this important interview with JOHN A. JOHNS, a man who is, and has been, involved in many branches of cartooning and illustration, and who is also the President of the Art Institute of Pittsburgh. His long experience in all kinds of graphics with an advertising agency, as an illustrator and caricaturist, as a newspaper artist with The Pittsburgh Press, and currently as a three-nights-a-week editorial cartoonist on WQED Television, is of great practical value to his students.

As you will see, the Ruths have asked him to share with us some of the advice he tries to give to the young people at the Institute.

John Johns graduated from the Art Institute of Pittsburgh in 1939. Thirty years later, 1969, he was named Director of Education at the same school. One year after that he became president of the school.

John describes his early development as an artist as follows, "I always wanted to draw. I copied Popeye and Mickey Mouse. I copied everything, even the dots and lines. I went from Popeye to Mickey Mouse to Alex Raymond. Not as a sequence, but it just felt right to me at that point to go from Popeye to Mickey to Raymond. I loved Raymond's drawings. I'd say it was studying his work that was really the turning point for me."

John, like most of us, had his heroes. But he points out how things have changed.

"The field is changing rapidly. We had our heroes but the young people today do not. You have to prove yourself to them every time a new class starts."

The years between student and president were interesting ones for John. He was a World War II pilot flying B 25's over 'the hump' in the China-Burma theater of operations. He also flew P 80 pursuit planes and later delivered untried planes from point-of-origin after flying nine or ten hours testing time.

After the war John returned to a Charleston, West Virginia advertising agency he had spent a year with earlier. He spent one more year with the agency and made plans to come to New York and try out illustration. Family pressures, however, caused him to return to Pittsburgh. John managed an art school for a while and then joined the Pittsburgh Press in the early 1950's. He stayed with the Press until 1969.

John has many views on art and education

John Johns caricatures. © 1972 by Metropolitan Pittsburgh Public Broadcasting, Inc. All rights reserved.

BEST EDITORIAL CARTOONS OF THE YEAR

1974 EDITION

Edited by
CHARLES BROOKS

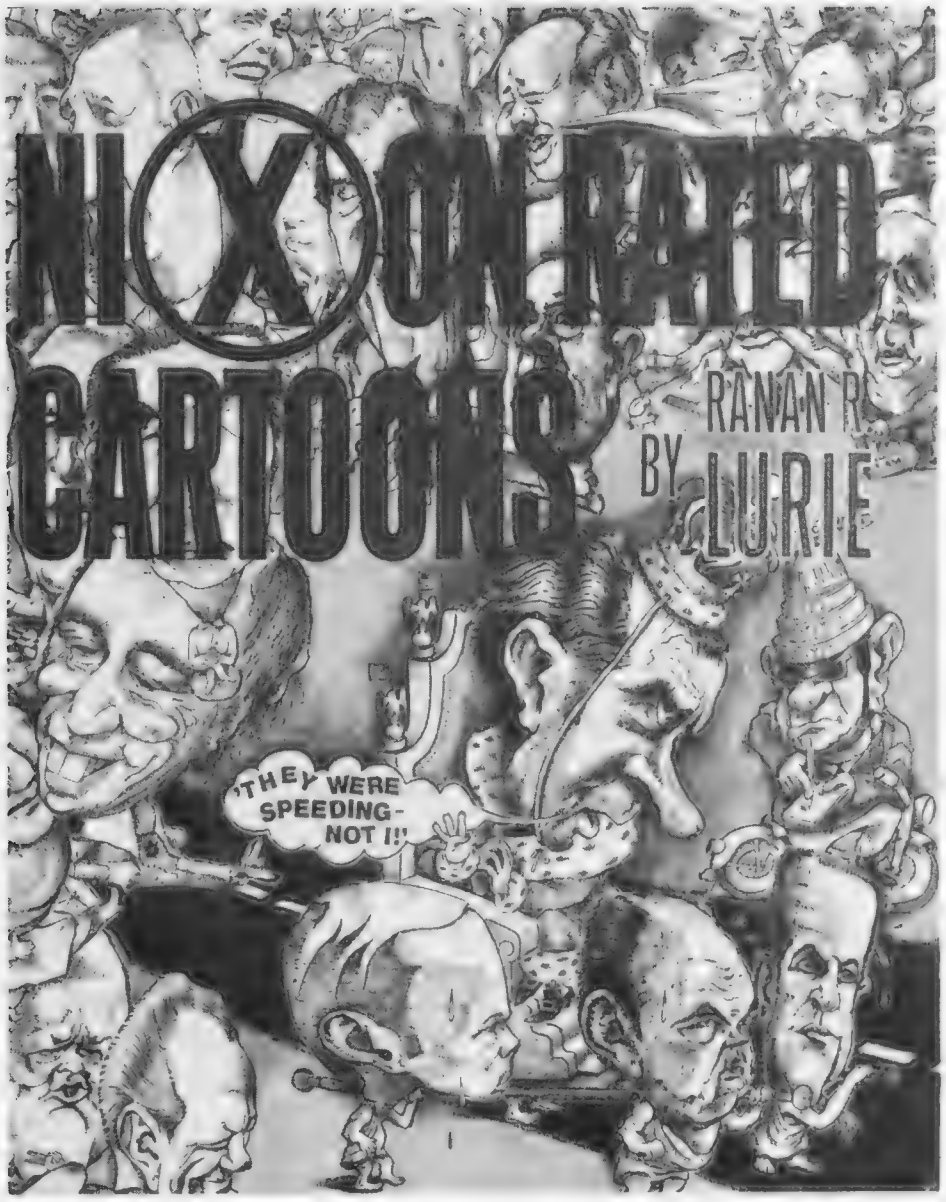
Foreword by Newbold Noyes

Address Charles Brooks, The Birmingham News, 2200 North 4th Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama 35202 for information on obtaining this book.

Books:

New book of Hugh Haynie editorial cartoons published by The Courier-Journal, 525 W. Broadway, Louisville, KY 40202.

On November 1 Paul Conrad was scheduled to have a book of his editorial cartoons out, titled "The King and Us". Published by Clymer Publications, 222 N. Virgil Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90004, it sells for $7.95, is hard cover, and contains 224 pages of his Nixon cartoons.



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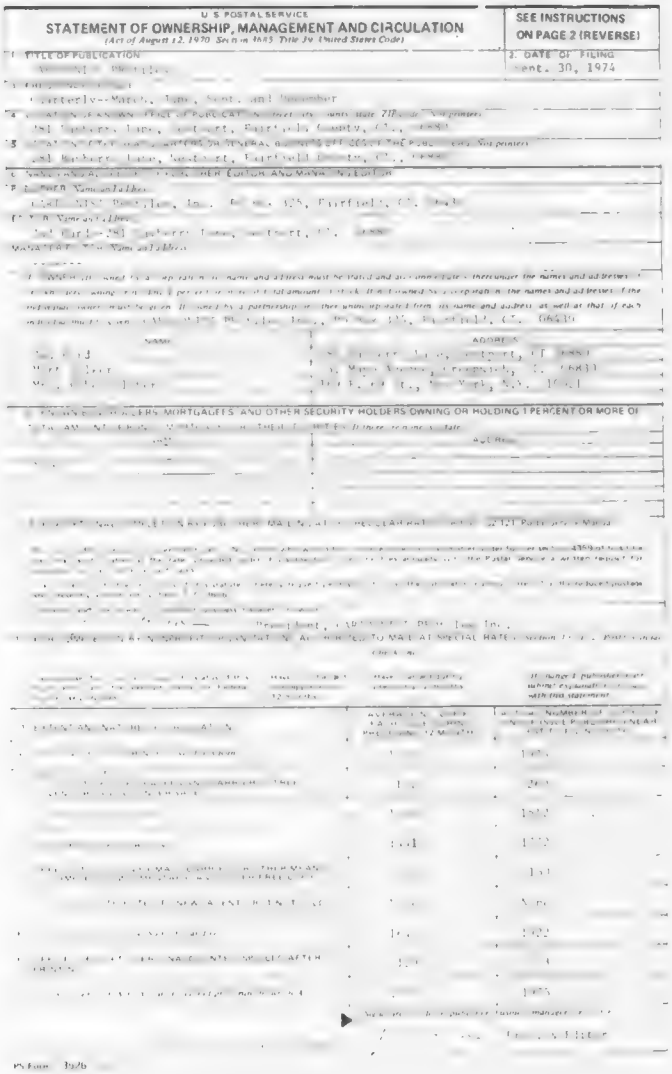
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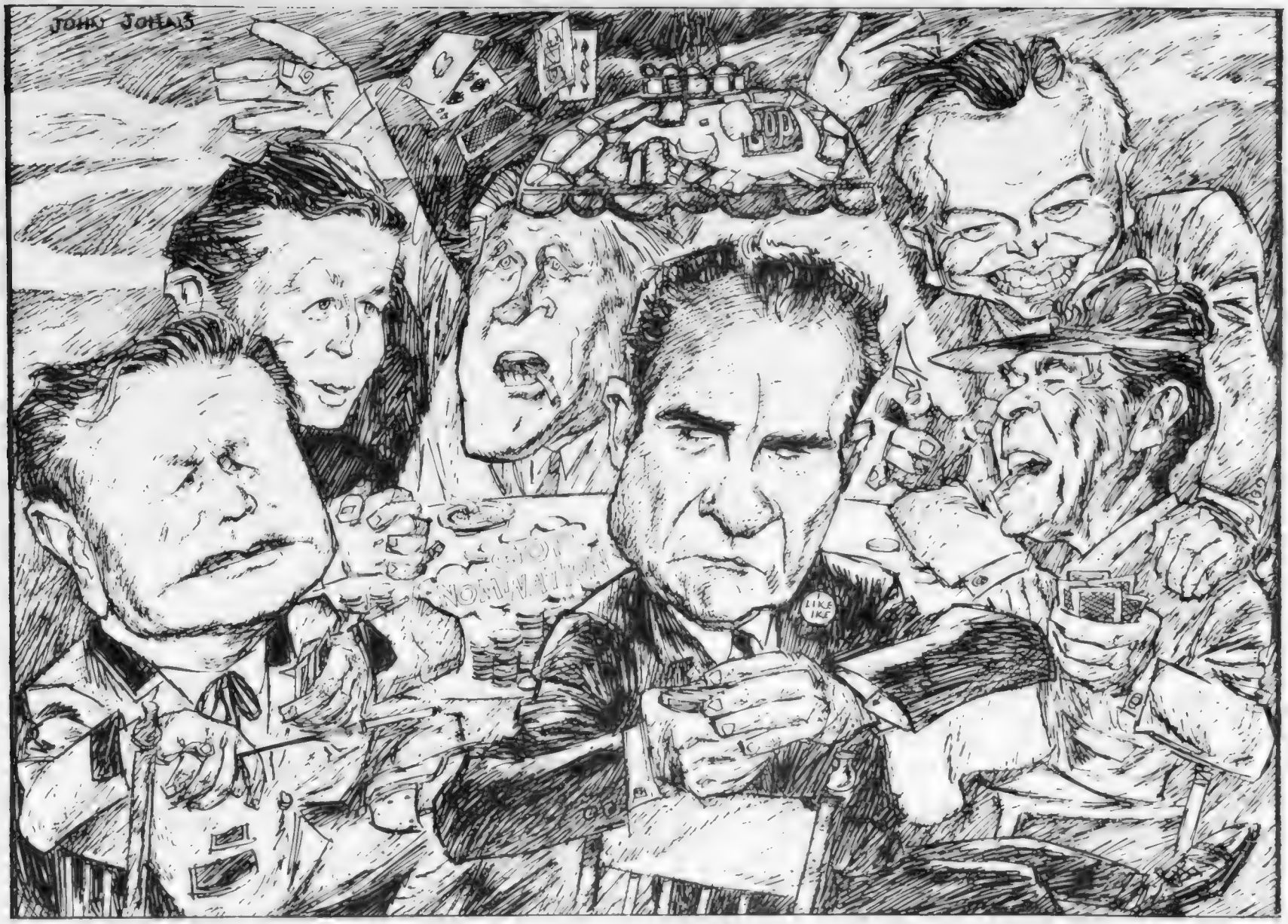

John John's caricatures which appeared in 'QED Renaissance' Magazine which promotes Pittsburgh's public television station, WQED.
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Photo by Jim Ruth

"You have to prove yourself every time a new class starts."

which he willingly shared with us.

"If I see a youngster who can really work in pen and ink, I love it. But I'm not easy on any of my students. I point out things that don't look right or don't work for me. I try to challenge the hell out of them. I've found with the highly talented that they don't always work as hard as they can. It comes easy to them. They don't challenge themselves. They won't attempt things that are just beyond them."

We asked John what he looks for in a student.

"Desire and dedication are the things we look for. We have an open door policy at the school but we don't just take anyone. First off, the people who apply to us are people who are interested in art. That is not just anybody or everybody, it's an interested person. Then when they come to school for an interview, and they bring in a portfolio, you have a highly interested person."

John continued, "We do try to discourage some people who apply. For example, if a person is older, say in his thirties, we point out the difficulties of beginning a career in the field. A person at that age cannot take the salary of an entry-level job if he has a family or other financial responsibilities. I am as straightforward as possible, but if they are intent on following through, we do our best for them."

A good sample of the Johns illustrative style

Johnny Cash by John Johns

Photo by Jim Ruth

John with his wife, Rachel, their son, John B., and their daughter, Robin.

On the subject of portfolios John had the following to say, "I think it is very important that a portfolio be evaluated honestly. When I applied to the Art Institute as a young man, I remember bringing my portfolio with me. I clutched it in my hands as I was interviewed. My mother mentioned my portfolio but no one looked at it. I was really disappointed. I had worked so hard on it. I lost it on the streetcar going home."

This experience left its mark on John. Today, as president of AIP he has a different policy.

"I've told my people that if anyone comes in with a portfolio, they are to be directed to my office. I look at it and I evaluate it and tell them exactly what I think. If it's good I tell them where they need to improve. If it's not so good, I impress upon them that they have a great deal of work to do to bring their work up to professional standards.

Many parents have congratulated me on the way I speak to their youngsters. They say I'm fair and that I give the young people excellent advice and a really interested opinion."

We asked John how he handles changes and new directions in art and art education.

"Well, both art and education are changing. Now there is audio/visual, multimedia and video tape as outlets for the artists. These are causing a change in thinking. But our school is top flight and I feel we are heading in the proper direction.

Another thing we try to do for our students is to try and impress upon them the pressure of competition in the business. We don't let up on them. They have to meet their deadlines."

We wanted to know how the students were prepared for the real world they would enter after school.

"Some of the kids are shocked by the real art world. We try to prepare them by teaching them a professional attitude. That is important, even vital. An employer may take a lesser artist if he has the right attitude. It's easy to spot this attitude in young people."

Caricatures are another subject John Johns is qualified to speak on. And why not? He's one of the best in this special area of art and cartooning. John talks about caricatures.

"When I was a student at AIP the school was hosting an Ad Club program. The school had three people doing sketches of the guests coming into the room. Sketches take time and I found that I could not do the sketch in that short a time. But I could capture a feeling of the person in a caricature. I found that I didn't have to complete the picture. Maybe I would just do the face, shape, mouth and hairline. I learned it by experience. I found I could express myself in this form."

John didn't start doing caricatures professionally until he was working for the Press.

"They were using photos on the cover of TV Graphics. I suggested they should use caricatures. I find it the easiest way to say something. To my way of thinking, it is not an exaggeration, but an exaggerated description of the whole person. You must get all the expression. The medium doesn't matter. The agonies are the same."

It is difficult to end an article on a man with the depth of talent and interests that John Johns has. He has also done TV news sketching, courtroom illustrations, and learned all he could of reproduction techniques to help in developing new art techniques. He believes that reproduction techniques should be a medium for the artist to use instead of just a method. John says, "You can teach yourself art, but often, doing is not learning, even though you use the same principles, rules and disciplines. But if you are with knowledgeable people they will show you the way."

What happens when a group of students fall in love with cartooning? An original animated film, written, produced and drawn by Art Institute of Pittsburgh students. Here an appreciative audience screens the creative efforts of other students. With the increasing emphasis on animation, students are encouraged to experiment, create, and develop their imagination and skills.

HARRY HERSHFIELD

Photos by Eric Hedlund King Features Syndicate

In memory of cartoonist HARRY HERSHFIELD, who died in New York at 89 this past December 15th, it seems appropriate to publish some photos taken in Harry's apartment, and to share some of the thoughts he expressed on the occasion of an interview we did with Harry in the summer of 1966 for the National Cartoonists Society magazine. Bob Dunn, whose 'Said & Dunn' column appears regularly in CARTOONIST PROfiles, noted caricaturist Jack Rosen, King Features photographer, Eric Hedlund, and Jud Hurd spent several hours with Hershfield one day, but it would have taken a month to absorb everything in his memento-filled apartment—paintings by Rubens, a self-portrait by Goya, authentic French Provincial antique tables, photos of Harry with various world figures. He had had many careers as a toastmaster, raconteur, radio performer, columnist and author, but he said on a number of occasions that he wanted to be known first as a cartoonist, and he was proudest of that career. After originating Homeless Hector and Desperate Desmond, he created his most famous strip, Abie the Agent, as we all know.

Harry lived in the same 57th Street apartment for a great many years and most of them were spent with his wife, Sarah Jane, a Ziegfeld Follies Girl who died in 1960. He told us that he married her on his birthday so he wouldn't forget their anniversary! They were together for 47 years.

We asked Harry what the secret of his long and happy life had been. (He was 81 at the time we did this interview). One of us wondered if it had been freedom from worry, to which he replied, "I haven't had time to worry!" He was a member of about 100 different organizations (and an honorary member of perhaps 200), was Shepherd of the famous theatrical club 'The Lambs', and President of The Circus Saints & Sinners —an organization which takes care of indigent circus performers.

At the time we visited his apartment that morning in 1966, Harry was 81 and was still making about 10 appearances a week at breakfasts, lunches and dinners. At his peak, by the way, Bob (Believe It Or Not) Ripley noted in his cartoon that Harry once attended 260 affairs in a period of 6 months. Naturally, on each of these occasions, he gave one of his famous humorous talks. We learned too that he was in demand at various resorts.

One of us asked Harry what his formula was for being able to get up before a crowd anywhere, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness. He said that a lot of people together doesn't make them any more formidable than a single individual, so he talks man-to-man with

Eric Hedlund *Photo*

BELOW: Jud Hurd, Bob Dunn, Hershfield and Jack Rosen.

just one person in the audience. Years ago, in Chicago, when Harry worked on the Daily News in that city, a Chicago womens club asked the paper to send over a cartoonist to give a talk. Harry drew the assignment, and he planned to tell the ladies about how a cartoon was processed before it reached the printed page. He began this way, "Ladies, I'm going to talk to you today on reproduction." This remark drew laughs which he hadn't expected and thus began the humorous Hershfield platform career. It became his habit to make civic and charitable appearances gratis — but as time went on, the pay became big for commercial engagements.

On one wall of Harry's apartment we noticed a framed 'Voice of Broadway' column by Louis Sobol, in which Sobol had quoted Bob Hope thusly: "The first time I played the Palace, when it was the PALACE, I was almost scared to death when given equal billing with that great comedienne, Bea Lillie. Harry Hershfield came backstage and gave me an old-fashioned pep talk that sent me out on the stage with the confidence of a Huey Long. I will always be grateful to Harry for the many times he has gone out of his way to encourage me just when I needed it most."

Another tribute on Harry's wall read thusly: "To Harry Hershfield who is responsible for it all—because he started me off on my first job on the San Francisco Chronicle in 1909—from his everlasting friend, Ripley—Believe It Or Not, 1929."

Hershfield's definition of 'genius'—'Doing better than you know how!'

Here's some advice from Harry to cartoonists who dream of retiring rich: 'Money talks but it doesn't applaud!'

During the memorable morning we spent with Harry, we learned that his long experience in buying paintings and art objects had resulted in his being appointed, by N.Y. State Attorney-General Louis Lefkowitz, to a committee which was charged with looking into 'Fraud in Paintings'. This panel was to include a number of art experts, including some from the Louvre in Paris. In closing, we'd like to add that the idea of visiting Hershfield's apartment was first suggested by our friend and noted caricaturist, Jack Rosen, who had known Harry for many years. Back in 1934, Jack was in the Sales Department at the Waldorf-Astoria and Hershfield of course attended many dinners at the hotel. Then, because of Jack's interest in cartooning, the two men eventually met and became friends.

Through the years, your editor always had a friendly 'hello' from Harry and we will miss him! ●

Ed Fischer
Omaha World-Herald
Editorial Cartoonist

ED FISCHER is the editorial cartoonist of the OMAHA WORLD-HERALD which describes itself as 'The Newspaper of the Midlands'. In the past year he's won two national awards, has had his work reprinted in two encyclopedias, and was sent by his paper on a 3-week sketching tour of Europe in August. He's now doing features based on this trip. In addition he is syndicating himself in 12 newspapers. His hobbies include mug and book collections, metal sculpture, classical music, and at present constructing a 4th bedroom in the Omaha home where Ed and his wife, Phyllis, live.

Q: What was your first break in cartooning?

A: I've been doing cartoons since age 5, but I guess my first break came when I was brash enough to approach Bob Smith, who was the editor of The Minneapolis Star, and to invite his paper to become a subscriber to my small Minnesota syndicate. He told me that if I dropped the syndicate, I could appear on the 'other-opinion page'. As a result, for a number of years I did 3 cartoons a week in a feature called "Drawing the Week to a Close." Then with this experience, and with the help of Roy Justus, the Star editorial cartoonist, I was able to get my first full-time job at the Tulsa Tribune for Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the editor and publisher. Two-and-a-half years later I went to The World-Herald in Omaha.

Q: There was another big influence in your career too, wasn't there?

A: Yes—it resulted from a brief acquaintance with Charles Schulz. He was working at the time in the Bureau of Engraving Building in Minneapolis — close to where I was working. I remember that I got three overdue-parking tickets because he had spent so much time going over my cartoons with me. And I can still find things in my drawings that go back to the advice I got from Schulz—such as the straight line that has natural waves to it.

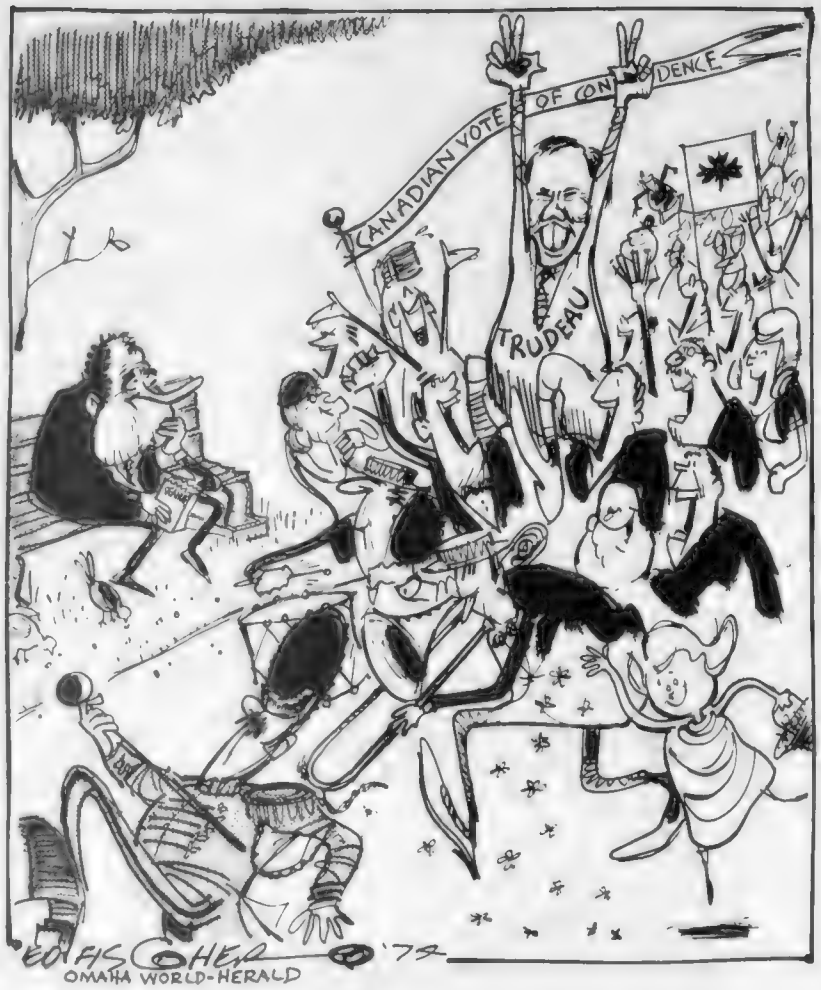
I'm also well aware that I've been strongly influenced by Paul Conrad and a dozen other cartoonists. What's strange is that my style was loose and unique seven years ago when I first started full-time, and that I've been struggling ever since to get back to it. The Magic Word is 'loose'—my work looks most like what I want it to when I work fast. When I try to 'draw well', I start looking like someone else. At the 1974 convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in Boston, Tony Auth, the editorial cartoonist of The Philadelphia Inquirer, had a great idea — this new procedure of tracing the *sketch* he submits directly onto his illustration board, in order to preserve the loose effect.

Q: What is your typical day like?

A: I submit 5 to 10 sketches by 9 o'clock in the morning, and because I do 7 cartoons during a 5-day period each week, I try on several of those days to get 2 cartoons OK'd. I work on the drawing from about 9:30 to 12:30 and usually finish a cartoon in about 2 hours. Then I spend the afternoon going through several newspapers including our own World-Herald of course.

Occasionally I shock everybody and write something. I also get some of my better ideas in the afternoon because I'm more relaxed then. And I have to attend to the mailing of my cartoons to

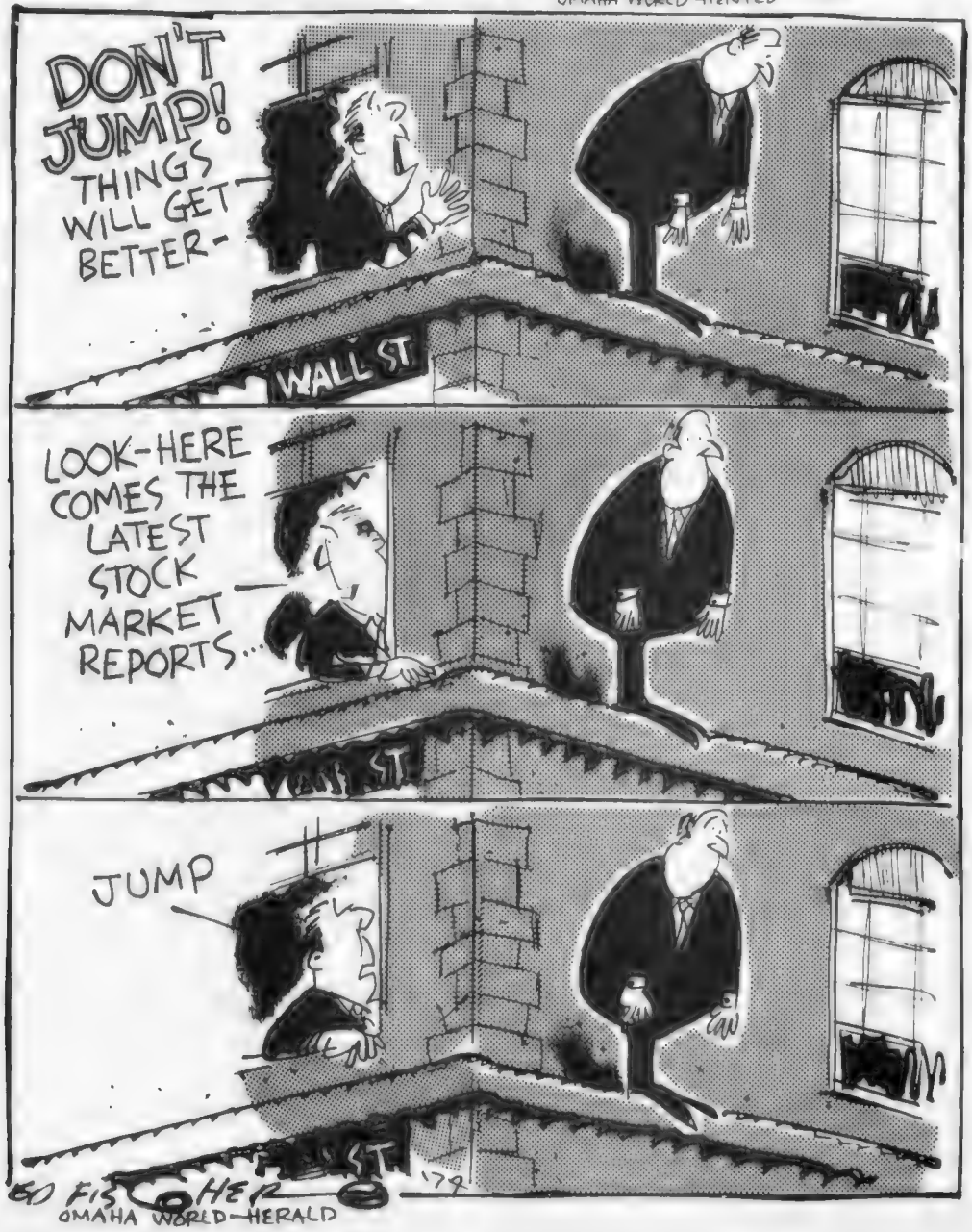
'I'M TRYING TO DO THIS WITH AS LITTLE FANFARE AS POSSIBLE!'



'HIKE... HIKE... HIKE...!!'

'I'VE BEEN COOPED UP AND FEELING A LOT OF PRESSURE. SO I THOUGHT I'D GET AWAY FROM IT ALL - HOW ABOUT YOU, MAC...?'

'GROWING PAINS'



the papers to which they're syndicated, and to keep up on correspondence. In this latter connection I get the usual hate mail. And as far as cartoons are concerned, I've stopped giving out most of my originals and instead send a same-size velox when a cartoon is requested.

Q: Do you have a lot of freedom on the World-Herald?

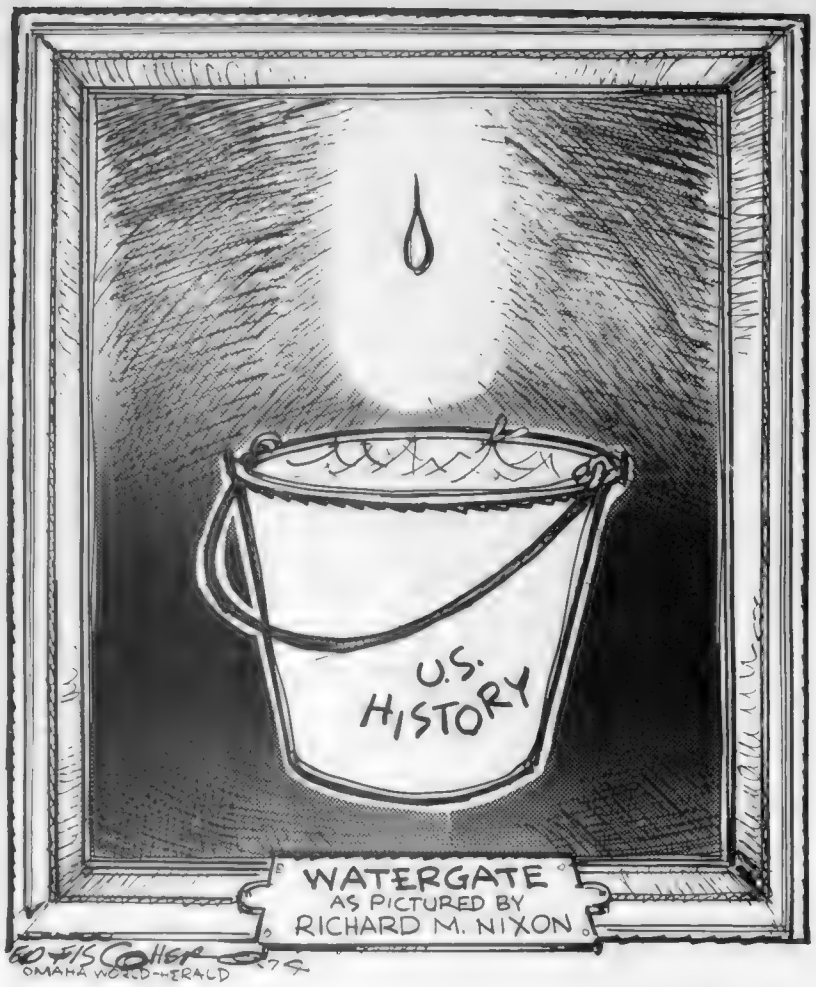
A: Yes—a great amount of it, inasmuch as everything I submit is mine and I'm never asked to do cartoons about any particular subject. I feel that I'm working as part of a team, strengthening the World-Herald's editorial position. I know pretty much where the editorial policy boundaries lie, and I very much believe that if I sometimes don't get a particular cartoon into the newspaper, it's because I didn't fight hard enough for the idea. I'm confident that any subject is worth submitting if you feel strongly enough about it. I've tried to strike a balance between the effective local cartoon (which I'm a big believer in) and the national and world type that are appropriate for syndication. For some reason my local cartoons are funnier and they stir more comment than the national type. To me, the local cartoon provides a wonderful opportunity to develop a cast of characters to use on days when not much is doing nationally. It's been my experience that the local cartoon, on occasion, actually gets something done in the community. I'm very much encouraged to see that some of the younger cartoonists are just as enthusiastic as I am about the local cartoon.

Q: What kind of advice do you give aspiring cartoonists who come to see you?

A: Nothing much new—just that it's tough to break into the editorial cartoon field but that they can do it if they will only keep at it and not be discouraged. 99% of those who come in don't make it and I never see them more than that first time. But there are those who have persisted and who *are* making it. I also pass along some advice that Scott Long, the editorial cartoonist of The Minneapolis Tribune, gave me. When I asked him what it takes to be a successful cartoonist, he said, "BE GOOD!" At the time I thought this was pretty silly, but the more I thought about it, I saw that this is really all that's involved.

Q: Do you go in for chalk talks?

A: Yes—occasionally I do them at schools, churches, and at men's lunch clubs. These talks are important to me in several ways—they have helped me overcome my fear of speaking to groups, and they have noticeably forced me to be a better caricaturist. And they're good promotion for the paper of course. I shun invitations to political gatherings, by the way, because of the remote chance that I'd have to return a favor. ●



A Precise Hobby: June Stratton's Applique Comics

Last year, when The Greater Buffalo Press, the largest printer of newspaper color comics in the U.S., hosted meetings of The Newspaper Comics Council, we met Greater Buffalo's June Stratton, who has the very interesting hobby described in the following story which we're reprinting with the permission of The Buffalo Evening News.

By JUDY MALONE

A hobby is supposed to be a kind of relaxation.

But how about one that makes a person spend 100 hours to complete one project, with all of that time spent on eye-straining, nit-picking precision work?

That's how June Stratton takes it easy. She makes embroidered felt applique pictures, her own original pastime that requires both artistic and sewing ability.

Using newspaper color comics as patterns, she creates flawless felt pictures. Her latest project is a large, one-panel "Broom Hilda" which appeared in The News March 16. Not one detail is missing.

* * *

How does she do it? The 25-year employee of Greater Buffalo Press says it takes sharp eyes, steady hands and artistic knowhow.

She begins by making a drawing of the cartoon, never tracing because most of the time she wants her felt picture to be larger than the original.

After having done this on see-through paper, she makes a pattern of each separate piece on the same kind of paper — including scenery, spoken words and parts of individual faces.

From tiny holes she has poked in the pattern with a straight pin, she then transfers the picture onto the proper color felt, connects the dots and cuts out the piece.

* * *

Next step is to attach the pieces to a large felt background with invisible nylon thread. Outlines are done in black to resemble the original cartoon.

"It isn't something that can be done helter-skelter. You need concentration," she says of the close, painstaking work.

"I think anybody could do it, but you'd have to have some artistic talent to make the original drawing and patterns," she continues. "Then for the most part all you need is time and patience."

* * *

She has given her work to some "outsiders." She sent the Broom Hilda picture to her favorite radio personality, Clint Buehlman, WBEN's morning voice. And her work hangs in the offices of Raymond H. Rogers, sales manager of King Features Syndicate, newspaper comics distributors and Daniel Poole, Sunday editor of the Washington Star-News.

She has established a telephone relationship with them through the years of doing layout work at Greater Buffalo Press, the nation's largest printer of newspaper color comics.

Her next project will be The News cartoon anti-hero, Benjy.

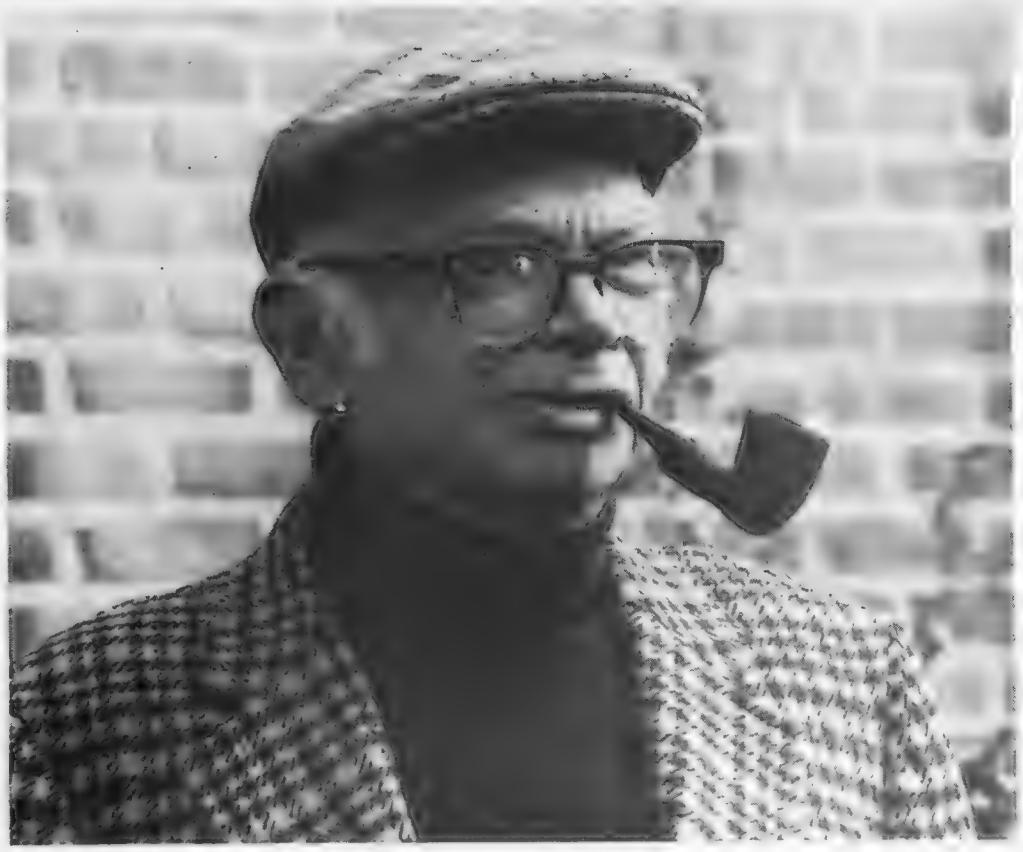
It will be a while, however, before she finishes it. After a 5½-day work week, she has to put in a lot of evenings at home to find time for 100 hours. ●

* * *

Photo by Roy Russell

June Stratton, and her felt reproduction of a 'Broom Hilda' page which she sent as a fan letter to a Buffalo radio personality.

Photo by Ellie Buckley



We welcome famed cartoonist, JACK MARKOW, to the pages of CARTOONIST PROfiles! We don't know of anyone who has had a more varied experience in our profession, or who has written more magazine columns and books on cartooning over the years. A great many of our readers follow his monthly column in WRITER'S DIGEST magazine, and a number of them have been his students at one time or another. You will find the succeeding columns that he will write for CARTOONIST PROfiles filled with solid professional help.

by JACK MARKOW

ASSIGNMENTS FOR CARTOONISTS

As promised, we are delving into assignment work available to cartoonists. Since this is such a wide field with infinite possibilities, it requires two articles of which this is the first. The comic man who works on speculation, such as the magazine gag cartoonist, is finding that this method of acquiring earnings (while fun, and at times lucrative) is becoming increasingly insecure and looks for other avenues of income. Cognizant of this, both the National Cartoonists Society and the Cartoonists Guild have conducted shop talks and symposiums during the past few years alerting members on other categories within the general field of drawn humor. Assignment work eliminates speculative "shots in the dark"; drawings made-to-order can be depended on; they're money in the bank. Yes, the artist may *prefer* to do comic strips (hoping for a contract), or magazine cartoons (striving to appear regularly in publications) but he still can continue to pursue his first love while building up a steady income from drawings applied to other branches of cartooning. Unlike spec work, the idea is not a major factor in the area of assignments. Here, one illustrates copy or converts ideas of others into visual forms; the end product is a result of teamwork. Drawings must be skillful and distinctive; size and technique requirements must be observed, and deadlines met.

In general, assignment work involves setting up a one-person business. There is some expense required but this is light compared with other endeavors. A well-designed business card, letterhead, billhead, & envelope are part of the deal. Those who sell by mail will have additional printing costs. The phone bill becomes higher because of increased communication with prospective buyers (all this, of course, can be lopped off your income tax). There is also much leg work involved, and time consumed in contacting these buyers. But the accumulation of just a few steady "accounts" is worth much more than the money and energy expended.

There are art representatives, of course, who will relieve the artist of many of his mundane tasks. However, good and lively agents are hard to come by. There have been agents specializing only in cartoons; the danger here is that one may find himself competing with fifty or sixty other cartoonists — similar kinds of work all in the one artist-rep's bag. Commercial art studios sometimes act as agents for humorous artists, but here the commission is usually quite high. An agent handling artists who work in various categories — such as a figure man, a designer and letterer, a still life artist, etc. — is a fairly good bet; he will sometimes take on a cartoonist and the latter would not be competing with others in the agent's "stable". Agents, naturally, only represent top artists and get at least 25% commission. They're worth it if they are on the ball; also, agents may get fees much higher than those the artist would ordinarily ask for. An added note: There are some artists, well-known, who spurn the services of agents, preferring to deal directly with buyers, and incidentally saving commission costs; these men in general possess excellent business sense in addition to their cartooning capabilities. Answers to questions that may be asked follow.

How Do I Start?

The name of the game is exposure — acquainting prospective buyers with your product. Preparation of a collection of samples is the first step. The artist may have reproduced work. Fine! He can show these. Lacking printed examples, he produces finished drawings, the type that fits his special talents; he also keeps in mind the areas of art buying he is aiming at. The results edited, the best works chosen are ready for display. If this collection consists of smaller pieces, they can be placed into a sample book. These loose-leaf books with leather-type covers may be purchased at art stores and come in various sizes. Most contain clear acetate sleeves into which drawings or repros can be placed. The loose-leaf device facilitates rearranging of works and provides for occasional changing of samples. For larger drawings, a portfolio, or a zippered presentation case with soft, simulated-leather covers will do the trick. Both reproductions and originals may be shown in the one package. The sample display should not be overloaded with too many works; just the very best will give the art buyer a good idea of the artist's ability. Key thoughts here are convenience in transporting samples from place to place, and easy handling by the art director as he goes through your collection.

For those who are not close to the big art-buying centers, display by mail becomes a necessity. Photostats, Xerox, or offset prints may be sent out — not as satisfactory as in-person visits — but a start. Brochures, printed via offset, showing reproductions of samples serve two purposes. Printed in quantity, they initially alert the buyer to the artist's work; they also act as a follow-up for those artists who have already displayed their samples in person. This kind of mailing piece is obviously cheaper when produced in black and white — but a second color (if one can afford it) adds immeasurably to the mailed display.

Where Do I Show?

The Yellow Pages contain all the art users, nicely classified. Valuable, yes. But all you get are names, addresses, and phone numbers. Lacking are important unanswered questions such as: Name of art buyer? Is the firm completely art-staffed or does it have work for freelancers? What type of drawing does it buy? What is its scale of prices? The artist could gain this information, naturally, by spending many hours at the telephone checking with these companies. More satisfactory, is having someone complete this chore for him. Books containing market lists (many of which showed up in my last column) do this valuable

Market Information

B'way. & 51 st.
Capitol
Major Edward Bowes, Mng. Dir.
Starts
THURSDAY
MICKEY ROONEY
It's Hardy Family Fun again and here's the best yet!
"The HARDYS RIDE HIGH"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
LEWIS STONE • MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER • FAY HOLDEN
Directed by George B. Seitz
Last 2 Days! Jeanette MacDONALD in "BROADWAY SERENADE"

Caricatures used in ads.
Illustrations accompanying this article are by Jack Markow.

Judy Garland
PRESENTING LILY MARS
Joyous Judy's co-starred with VAN HEFLIN in M-G-M's happy hit... coming to the CAPITOL — plus a big 'In Person' Show!

job. They will be mentioned again further along in these articles, as they relate to each category. Incidentally, I have before me a copy of Mackay Company's *Greetings' Buyers Guide,* mentioned in my last article. It lists names, address, phone numbers, and types of cards produced by about 1000 card firms nation wide — and that's it. Again, further information must be dug up by the cartoonist. Prepared market lists are a convenience but none can possibly contain *all* the art buyers. Hunting for selling possibilities via incomplete market listings such as the Yellow Pages may turn into a bonus; the cartoonist may come up with his own, practically untouched markets. There are various ways to pick up accounts. I know one cartoonist who doesn't go out for assignments. He lets the work come to him by running a two-inch ad in these same Yellow Pages; he claims it's worked out fine.

Speaking of in-depth listings, I have seen many books containing market information but each of these has concentrated on just one category of art. I have never come across a book that included almost all areas of art marketing. We now have such a volume: *Artist's Market,* compiled by Kirk Polking, former Editor of *Writer's Digest.* Ms Polking and her researchers have amassed over 2000 selling opportunities for artists ranging from small spot drawings to large murals. Information on each market includes, besides the usual address, the name of the art purchaser, kind of work wanted, fees paid, definite instructions on methods of presentation, and in some cases quotes from the art buyer. This book came to me at an appropriate time because it complements this column on assignment work. To accent the great range of this type of work, I list some of the headings indicating marts covered in *Artist's Market;* Advertising agencies, specialty firms, service firms; Audiovisual Firms; Book Publishers, Businesses/Associations/ Convention Bureaus; Clip Art Services; Colleges and Libraries; Craft Dealers; Entertainment, Amusement Firms; Film Producers; Foundations; Gift Items, Paper Products, Posters, Stationery; Greeting Card Publishers; Magazine Publishers; Manufacturers, Technical Service Firms; Matchbook Companies; Newspapers, Tabloids; Newsletters; Playing Card Firms; Public Relations Firms; Studios, Art Service Firms; Syndicates; Theatres; TV/Radio Stations; U. S. Government Agencies; Yellow Page Publishers. Did you know that so many areas awaited the artist? I didn't. This nicely designed book is easy to handle, is conveniently indexed, and in addition to markets has chapters on freelancing, copyright information, and a glossary of art terms. Many of the markets listed are for the cartoonist. The more versatile he is, such as his also being able to do semi-serious, serious, and design work, the more he will be able to take advantage of the 2123 markets in this book which may be purchased by contacting Writer's Digest, 9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati Ohio 45242. The price is $8.95 and well worth it.

How Do I Show?

Appointments are essential in practically all

cases. Call or write the art buyer (he may be an Art Editor, Art Director, Visual Director, Senior Editor, etc.) and arrange a time for your work display. After inspection, he will usually ask for your card. He may even suggest others who may be interested in your type of product. Work is rarely handed out on the spot; the art buyer, if genuinely interested, may have to wait until an assignment which jibes with the artist's capabilities comes along. However, when I was legging it around the art marts, I was lucky enough to be at the right spot at the right time, and did pick up work on several occasions at the first showing of samples. But that was years ago — in a more simple era. Also, young and energetic, I would choose a large building housing ad agencies and large printers, make my way through all the offices asking for the art director —cold— without an appointment. It worked on some occasions. I got in, but that happened in less complicated times. Perhaps it still can be done but I wouldn't guarantee it. Many art buyers will look at samples sent in by mail. If you send a single mailing piece, you may want the A.D. to retain it for his files. However, if you send a folder of samples (tear sheets, stats, originals) be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure its return.

What Now?

You wait for the phone to ring or for a letter to come with an assignment. Meanwhile, you may be engaged in some sort of speculative work, in devising more samples, in meetings with other art buyers. When away from your studio, your phone should be covered by someone; some artists use an answering service. After a time, you should remind the art buyer (particularly the one who has shown some admiration for your work) that you still exist. A mailing piece will do the trick. A telephone call stating that you have new samples to show may also earn you a second visit with the art buyer.

Added Notes

The artist who appears regularly in a magazine like *The New Yorker* or who produces a well-known comic strip is sure to have assignments thrown into his lap. Exposure in important publications acts as a prime show case; ad agencies, book publishers and such will be constantly reminded of the cartoonist's product. Extreme exposure of work in the media is not always necessary. I recall a student of mine who sold just four drawings to *Collier's;* he was an outdoors man, gave up cartooning, and trekked out to the back woods. Meanwhile, an agency art director noticed the cartoons, liked the style which fitted in perfectly with a series of projected ads. He would have this artist, no other, even though the cartoonist's whereabouts were unknown at the time. After a time, he was tracked down somewhere in the Northwest wilds and got the assignment. Moral: If an art buyer is nuts about someone's work he will go to great lengths to get hold of it. On the other hand, if art directors do not apparently notice your published work, a little nudge may be helpful. I once did a full-page ad for Macy's containing many humorous illustrations. When printed, I bought several copies of the newspaper and sent tear sheets to the A.D's of all the other department stores in the New York area. There was immediate response and I found myself doing assignment jobs for Gimbels, Abraham and Straus and other stores for the rest of the year. Following is a run-down of some of the areas supplying assignments:

The subject used in this card was suggested by the publisher. It was a good hunch — the card was a best-seller and earned the artist almost $1500 in royalties.

Illustrations and Spots

These are lumped together since, despite variance in size, they both illustrate copy. Places to show samples are publishers of magazines (large, small, general, trade, house organ); companies that produce adult and children's books; and newspapers. The person to see is the Art Director. Note: smaller book publishers may not have an art editor, but one of the literary editors will look. Study periodicals and newspapers for clues about their art. Do they use humorous illustrations? Do these come close to your type of work? Fiction has faded in recent years and so have the large illustrations for it. However the cartoonist is in a good position considering the many articles now being used in publications; these need embellishing with drawings in the humorous vein, more or less. Note, for example, the great number used in a large paper like *The Sunday Times.* Smaller local and regional newspapers are also fair game for showing samples.

Assigned spots are sometimes used to illustrate regular weekly or monthly columns in publications. Latch on to one of these and you may have a long-running account. In my career, I've had several such "breaks" — Winchell's column in the old "Life Magazine", food columns in "American Magazine", one in "Medical Economics", and a G.I. column for "Liberty" — each averaging about ten years. Probably the longest running series are Otto Soglow's spots for The New Yorker's Talk of the Town which have been appearing for many decades. To gain orders, you must have a distinctive style. The artist is handed galleys or typed copy and he usually decides how and what to illustrate. His directions include reproduction (line, half-tone, second color, full color), size and shape, and deadline. At times, the editor will pick the part of the article or story he wants illustrated; sometimes he will provide the picture idea. Fees are set by the publication and vary according to their wealth. Surprisingly, fair-sized illustrations bring in more dollars than a gag and cartoon combination; fees for ordered spots are way ahead of those for spots sold on speculation.

Adult books sometimes require humorous illustrations paid for by the piece or by a set sum for a whole bookful of drawings. According to market lists, there are a variety of fees: $25 to $40 for one-color spots up to $100 for four-color art; one company pays $100 for one or two-color illustrations, $300 for four-color ones. Book firms also assign art work for brochures and leaflets. And they need book jackets and book covers. Prices here range from about $100 to $300. Random House, for example, pays from $200 to $500 for cover design.

As for children's book illustrations, either a flat fee is paid for the entire lot, or the artist shares royalties equally with the author. Some juvenile editors suggest variety in the artist's sample package — a few cartoons plus additional work indicating various styles and techniques, and especially color samples. One

Caricatures of Eddie Cantor and Charlie Chaplin ordered by an advertising agency and used in test campaigns.

editor recommends the inclusion of drawings of children; also, if the cartoonist is versatile, examples of technical and scientific drawings, of sports' sketches — know-how which may interest a large publisher who produces a variety of children's books.

Greeting Cards

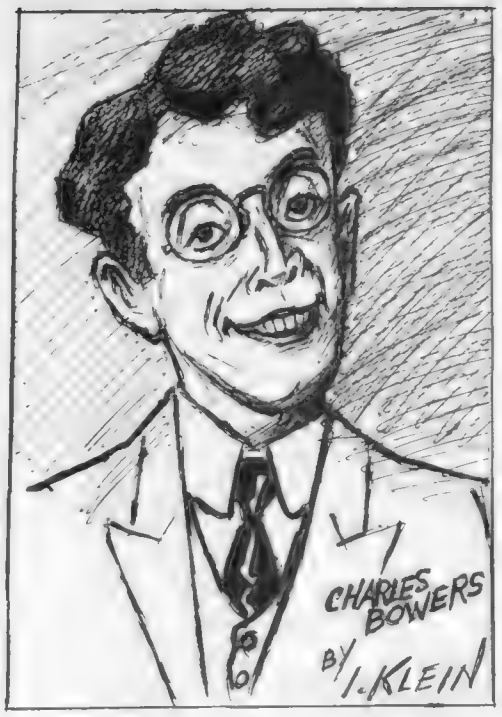
Here wo go again in this subject. Pertinent market sources were included in our column on spec work (Dec. issue). It is possible to go to these same firms, show samples, and pick up orders for drawings — subjects and ideas furnished by the art director. Usually, set prices are paid — unless you can wrangle a royalty arrangement.

Caricature

This specialty was once handled by one "regular" associated with a newspaper who did all the show people and other VIP's for that particular paper. Or it was part of the stint of a newspaper's editorial and/or sports artist who worked it into the general scheme of his daily cartoon. Not so anymore. Freelance specialists of caricature may pick up work by showing samples to art editors of newspapers and magazines. Witness some of these on covers and inside pages of periodicals like *New York Magazine, Business Week, Time,* and *Newsweek*. As pointed out by Jean-Claude Suares in our last issue, observe the many uses of caricature illustrations on the Op-Ed pages of the daily *Times* and throughout its Sunday sections. While Al Hirschfeld still has the monopoly on show biz caricatures used here, dozens of other freelancers are also shown. If one has a flair for caricature, it's wise to include a few examples of this art form in your display book; you never know who may want them. These cartoon portraits are sometimes used in ad campaigns, in brochures, on movie and theatre posters, and on record covers. And back to newspapers, both large city and small regional papers may have a spot for caricature — the smaller paper featuring the local bigwigs.

In conclusion, there are sometimes exceptions to rules. You don't always have to include the type of work you think the A.D. wants, in your sample book. An astute art director judging samples may perceive possibilities in the artist's general work which fit in with his particular needs. Some years ago, when I showed my portfolio at Loew's Inc., it did not contain a single example of caricature. However, I got to share assignments with Al Hirschfeld on all the "Andy Hardy" movie posters, plus other caricatures of MGM stars. ●

(to be continued)



We've had such enthusiastic reaction to the various reminiscent stories about the animated cartoon business, written by I. KLEIN for CARTOONIST PROfiles, that we're publishing here the first of several installments of a new article that Kleiny has written about his experiences with CHARLES R. BOWERS, the pioneer producer of Animated Cartoons.

In previous issues of our magazine, Klein, the longtime animator and New Yorker cartoonist, has written the 'Mighty Mouse' story, 'At the Disney Studio in the 30's', 'The Golden Years at Disney's—featuring Bill Tytla', 'Memories of Milt Gross', etc.

Pioneer Animated Cartoon Producer CHARLES R. BOWERS

by I. Klein

When Charles Bowers died in November of 1946 the following obit appeared in New York's Herald Tribune:

CHARLES BOWERS DIES; PIONEER IN FILM CARTOONS.

Jersey Writer, Director and Producer's Career Began at 6 on a Tightwire.

POMPTON LAKES, N.J. Nov. 26 (1946). — Charles R. Bowers, fifty-seven, a pioneer in the field of animated cartoons and at one time a wealthy producer of motion picture comedies, died Sunday at St. Joseph's Hospital, Paterson, New Jersey, after an illness of five years. His home was in Pompton Lakes.

Mr. Bowers was born in Cresco, Iowa, and started in the career of amusing his fellow man by appearing in a tightwire act in a circus at the age of six, and in the next twenty years he played in the circus, in stock companies, painted signs, designed posters and painted murals.

He became a cartoonist for "The Chicago Tribune" and "The Chicago Star", then went into the field of animating cartoons, and was one of the founders of The Animated Motion Picture Corporation. He animated the ancient

The animation drawings on these pages were first printed in 'The Bowers Movie Book' (Book 1-Mother Goose), and copyrighted in 1923 by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Inc., New York.

Paired up with this first drawing, shown below, is another one involving the same characters on the following left-hand page. By flipping the two pages back and forth, you'll see the animation.

A díller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon!

cartoons of "Mutt and Jeff" and the "Katzenjammer Kids".

Then he went into the field of writing, directing, producing, photographing and acting in what were called novelty-type comedies, as principal stockholder of the Charley Bowers Comedy Corporation.

The titles of his ephemeral productions are not impressive, but people laughed at them: "He Couldn't Help It." "Now You Tell One." "Many A Slip." "Say A-ah." "Whoosit." "The Valiant Rider." and "You'll be Sorry."

Mr. Bowers worked prodigiously. He turned out illustrated books for children, writing the text and making the cartoons himself. He lived in Wayne Township N.J. for eight years, and did cartoons for "The Jersey City Journal."

In 1941, when he became seriously ill, he was not able to keep up with the commitments of his contracts, and he could not find an artist or writer to do them for him. He taught his wife, Mrs. Winfred Leyton Bowers, to do some of the work — she learned to draw so well that her work is now on exhibit at the Pompton Lakes library — but the contracts lapsed.

His wife is his only survivor.

The above obituary is a bare outline of this very colorful man's life. I can add something to his history from my own association with Charley Bowers . . . that is what this article is about.

I covered my first job at an animation studio in a previous article. That job lasted from about early April until July 6th of 1918 when the studio, Hearst's International, folded. With that studio closed, my budding cartoon career as an animator came to an abrupt end. At least it seemed that way. I was left in midsummer without a job. Instead of looking around for other work, I just mooned around still under the spell of the film magic. Then through some chance encounter I found out about another studio way up the line near Bronx Park, called Barre-Bowers Animated Cartoon Studio. Also called The Mutt and Jeff Studio. So two weeks after my seeming finish as an animator I was on my way to far-away Bronx. It was a long trek from Newark, New Jersey.

On the studio door was the name Barre-Bowers, Mutt and Jeff Studio. I believe the name of the creator of Mutt and Jeff, Bud Fisher, was also on the studio door.

Now I am ready to open the door and enter the studio. But let me go back a bit. I jumped in one leap from Newark to what I just called the Bronx. This section of the City was called Fordham. To get there involved a long ride up the old, now long demolished, Third Avenue Elevated line, (the EL) to its last stop, Fordham Road, Bronx Park. Fordham University was within walking distance. We were far from Seventh Avenue and 49th Street, in the heart of the theatrical district where Hearst International studio was located. No high-rise buildings were on 190th Street and Webster Avenue. The studio was in a long, low building called Fordham Arcade Building. A row of stores with one floor of offices above. The architecture was bastard Moorish. Its entrance was on Webster Avenue. An arcaded passage-way ran through from Webster Avenue to Decatur Avenue in the back. Part way in the arcade to the left was a narrow stairway running parallel to the wall which then turned into the building. There was a street number, the one I had written down, on the wall at the foot of the stairs.

Up the stairway I went, then along a long hallway. There were several doors along the way. One had the name I was looking for, "Barre-Bowers, Mutt & Jeff Studio. Bud Fisher." (As I remarked above.) The name "Bowers" sounded familiar to me. There had been an editorial cartoonist on the "Newark Evening News" by that name. That connection merely passed through my mind as I was about to turn the door knob. I opened the door and walked in.

I found myself in a space separated from a very large room by a low railing with a gate. I walked to the restraining barrier. The room had rows of now familiar animation desks, with people sitting at the desks, working. Mostly men, though there were several girls. It seemed that everyone at the desks looked up at me as I opened the studio door.

Though this was a sunny day, the room was in a twilight gloom. This dimness was due to the green paint which covered the studio windows. A glow of light illuminated a face here and there from the animation boards. One of the men arose from his seat and came forward. His name I learned afterwards was Dick Friel; full name Richard McShay Friel. He was a tall, dark haired chap, rather good looking. He asked what I wanted. I answered that I was looking for a job. I told him I had been working at Hearst's International until that studio folded up. He asked what I did. I hesitated for a moment, then replied I was an animator. Friel asked me to wait and retreated to somewhere far in the rear. In a short while he came forward with another fellow. It was Burt Gillett.

Burt Gillett years later was to direct "The Three Little Pigs" for Walt Disney. He was on the animation staff of Hearst International and had been bounced out together with the rest of us two or three weeks before, with the abrupt closing of that studio. (He told me afterwards that he had rushed up to Fordham the same afternoon of the shut-down and got himself placed right away.) Burt Gillett confirmed that I had worked at the business. He asked me to wait while Friel returned to his animation desk. Burt walked to another room on one side of the studio. He remained inside for a few minutes then came out; beckoned me to go into that room. I did.

In the room which I entered a man was sitting behind a desk. He was a thin man with a mop of brown curly hair, parted on one side. He had a thin nose, slightly flaring nostrils, rather large eyes with heavy lids. His face narrowed down to his chin. He wore pinch-nose eyeglasses. The skin of his face was lightly pock-marked. He was Charles Bowers.

The interview was very casual. I felt he allowed me to come in just to be nice. Then he said that he had about all the staff he needed. As I arose to leave I asked if he was the Charles Bowers, editorial cartoonist for the Newark Evening News. He answered "Yes". This was a big moment for me, meeting a great cartoonist. I couldn't help telling him that his work was held in great esteem and I was a great admirer of his cartoons. Mr. Bowers suddenly developed a new interest in me, asking more about my art schooling and more details about my job at Hearst's International Studio. After hemming-and-hawing, Mr. Bowers said he believed there was room on his staff for me . . . not as a full animator, but he would have me do an occasional scene between some other studio work. He told me my salary and that I could start as of then.

Charles Bowers explained that the owner of the studio was Bud Fisher, the creator of "Mutt and Jeff". The studio produced "Mutt and Jeff" animated cartoons for movie houses. The partner in managing and directing the studio was a French artist, Raoul Barre. Mr. Barre was away from the studio at the time. During our conversation I explained to Mr. Bowers that I was in the animation profession only since the early part of that year, that

Photo by Buck Peters

I. Klein holding the National Cartoonists Society 'Silver T-Square'. The inscription reads, 'To I. Klein for his distinguished service and devotion to our Society and our profession. Presented with the esteem and affection of his fellow members, April 22, 1974.'

nevertheless I had done some satisfactory animation at Hearst's International, for Mr. La Cava. I also told him of my art school studying both in Newark, N.J and New York. Then to my surprise he gave me a scene to animate as a starter.

I was given a place at an animation board which was part of a long row of such animators' desks with tiers of shelves for the finished work. The scene assigned to me had a background of a long shot of a tall building. Mutt and Jeff were to run into the scene and up the side of the building, defying the laws of gravity, then across the roof and down the other side of the building and out. When I settled down at my place, Burt Gillett came over, seeing that I got the job. I showed him the layouts for the scene. He gave me some suggestions as to the handling of the action. (This being the pre-sound days, there were no technical problems of matching a sound track.) It was straight-ahead animation.

There were two young fellows to my right at their desks. One of them was lettering a "balloon"—a balloon being a loop of inked line which enclosed the words spoken by the cartoon characters. The balloons were placed under the animation camera, in front of the person who spoke—like in the comic strips. The difference being, the balloons remained on the screen only long enough to be read. The balloons would pop off and the action continued. The young guy doing the lettering was Ted Sears, (later to be an important story man at the Walt Disney Studio). He was about seventeen at this time, a slim boy with light brown hair combed back. He had small eyes that always looked amused, a small turned-up nose, a longish upper lip and a wide mouth.

It took me a little while to become acquainted with all of the staff. When I did, I got to know them better than the people at Hearst International Studio. During the first week Burt Gillett pointed out in an awed whisper one of the animators. He was a stocky, bald headed man who had a perpetual grin on his face as he worked. "That man there . . . he is "Vet" Anderson." I knew the name. "Vet" Anderson was a famous editorial cartoonist of that period. He signed his name "Vet" so that the word looked like a rooster, the letter "V" the tail plume. Every kid who wanted to be a cartoonist knew the work of Vet Anderson. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American war. He left the studio shortly after I started working there.

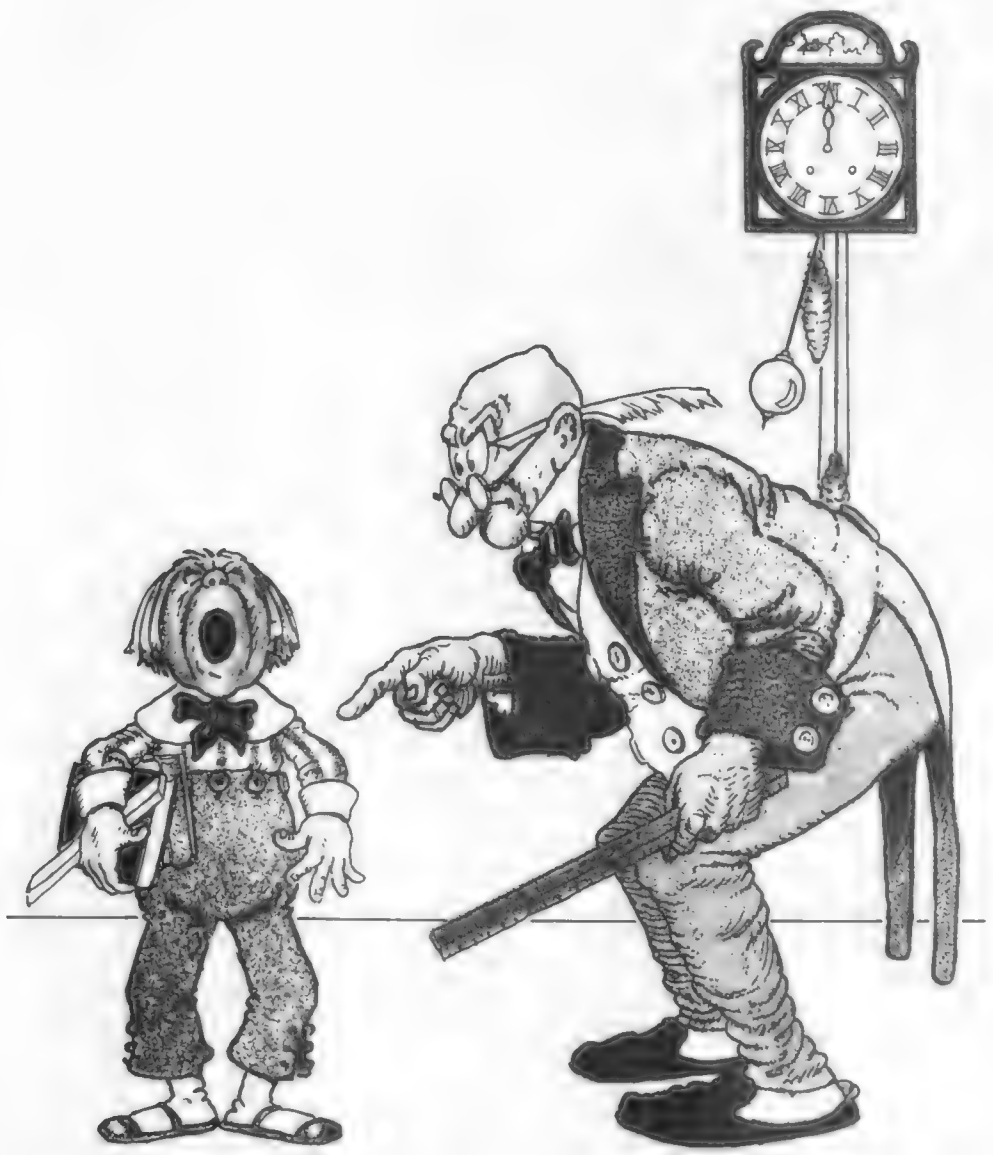
The studio consisted of a very large main room and three other rooms. The main room was really enormous but only half of it was used. The back half had vacant desks covered with dust. Further to the rear were many cardboard cartons packed with magazine and newspaper clippings from clipping services about our top boss, Bud Fisher. New material came in from time to time to be added to this collection. On his infrequent visits to the studio, Bud Fisher never looked at those printed notices of his fame.

One of the smaller rooms contained the camera stand and the animation camera. Of the two other rooms, one I had recently mentioned — Mr. Bowers' office. Connected to Bower's office through a doorway, was the business office occupied by a fattish man with a black mustache who was the bookkeeper. I don't remember his name. The other person in that office was Grace Ashton, a tall blonde young woman. (She became Mrs. John Foster, one of the early animation pioneers.) One of Grace's chores was making out exposure sheets. Anyone in the animation business knows what the exposure sheets are. If you are not in this particular profession . . . in its simplest form, they are like ledger sheets with all the combination of animated drawings numbered in their proper order and the number of times they are to be shot under camera. (The film is exposed to the light each time it photographs a drawing, hence "exposure sheet".) In those early days of animation, to save time for the animator at this studio, someone was assigned to make out the exposure sheets for each scene after it was animated. Bowers gave Grace Ashton this job. She was supposed to riffle the scene through her fingers to get an idea of the action and then mark down the exposure numbers. She sat in her office, often chattering with a friend as she did her work. Animators often grumbled that their animation wasn't receiving the proper attention. But that was the system and you had to abide by it.

The system in this studio, unlike the method at the Hearst International, was that the animators inked-in their own animation. There was a system of tracing of parts of drawings remaining in fixed positions. Very accurate tracing. Also certain parts of the line-drawn backgrounds had to be traced on the animated drawings. That was done by "tracers". When I had no animation to do, I did some of this sort of tracing. I also operated the camera from time to time, but I'll come back to that as my narration progresses.

The stories for our Mutt and Jeff cartoons were written by Bowers. He also assigned the work to the animators. The most frequent word in his scripts was *ad-lib* . . . Mutt walks into a scene . . . ad-lib . . . meaning that the animator should improvise some funny business at that point. In other words, the stories were only outlines of a general theme. The humor within the scenes depended on the individual animators. Bowers would rough out the background and make some overall sketches of several key positions.

So the stories went into this studio's animation mill. A very noisy mill it was. Everybody seemed to have their noses in their work, but somehow they managed to be talking, whistling and singing. Those noises came from the inkers and tracers and those whose job was to erase the pencil lines from the inked-in drawings. There were also the painter-inners who painted in with black paint the black areas on the drawings such as coats and shoes or whatever. The animator would make a pencil-cross on the drawings where needed. All those were the happy noise-makers . . . male and female. The animators were the quiet ones. Every once in a while an eraser would fly through the air, making a near miss at someone's head. The things that were thrown were usually out of annoyance. Once an alarm clock came flying across the room hitting a side of a desk. Another time there was an exchange of an inker's pen whizzing into another helper's table and a return mis-sile in the form of a large jar of black paint bursting like a black bomb on the side of the pen-thrower's desk. An accurate hit. The clock



was thrown by Dick Friel after an exchange of kidding remarks that gradually became nasty and unfunny. The other fellow, whose name I've forgotten, topped his witticism with a dirty remark about the Irish. Then Friel's smile vanished and the alarm clock made its near hit.

Dick Friel was the studio's top animator. He was Mr. Bowers' first lieutenant in the studio. He was considered a "tough guy" and a brawler outside work hours. There were many stories about those brawls. In the studio he was a hard worker. He was fast, doing more "footage" than the other "Mutt and Jeff" animators. He was the highest salaried animator in the studio.

While on this 'pitching missiles' subject . . . the flying paint jar was also the result of bantering. The jar-pitcher was Frank Sherman. Frank sat in a little alcove, apart from the main room but an extension of the same. His job was chief tracer. He would pick up the scenes from the animators together with the background drawings. By going over the scene carefully, holding the drawings over the animation board light, he would plan the parts of the background to be traced on the drawings. He would also follow the animator's notes and plan the necessary tracing of figures or parts of figures. Then he would hand out the work to the tracers and inkers. Everything was, of course, in stark black and white, on paper. The background was carried on one overlay celluloid rendered in ink.

Frank Sherman was a tall, broad shouldered, red-headed young man. We became good friends after I became settled on this job. He developed into an animator, but his career was cut short in 1934 while eating breakfast with his wife. He died of a blood clot from an injury sustained while playing golf.

On the second or third day of my employment at this Barre-Bowers Studio we saw Bowers leave the studio in a hurry. Everyone, of course, saw him go. Several hours later Bowers returned. It was all very dramatic (ham-actor drama). First, the studio door opened. Bowers stood in the doorway long enough to attract everyone's attention. Then he carefully closed the door. His next move was to put a hand into one of his pockets and produce the studio door key. He flourished it for all of us to see, then he turned and locked the studio door. Beyond a doubt he had the audience in a state of expectant excitement, in fact, scared excitement. He now had us all involved in what seemed an impending catastrophe.

There followed a significant pause. Then in a loud stage whisper: "RAOUL BARRE HAS CRACKED UP . . . HE'S GONE CRAZY THIS AFTERNOON . . . he is on his way up here to wreck the studio and to shoot me dead!" Then Bowers continued: "Barre has withdrawn all the money from our joint bank account . . . all in small bills. He is scattering the money out on the streets and at the same time is waving a revolver and hollering, "I'm going to shoot that crook, Charlie Bowers." Those were Bowers' own words. Bowers then explained that all this was reported to him by a friend . . . that is had happened several hours before . . . that was the reason he had gone out earlier, perhaps to confront and calm down Mr. Barre. There was no confrontation and now he was sure Raoul Barre was a dangerous lunatic.

The studio door remained locked and Charlie Bowers retired to his office. (No one could go out to the lavatory in the outside hall.) Nobody could work, expecting the glass of the door to be smashed any minute and a mad man to come through blazing away with his revolver. An hour or so elapsed. The studio was in a sick room-like-hush . . . A phone rang in the office . . . There was a pause and then Bowers came out and announced that we were out of danger. Mr. Barre had been captured by the police without a struggle.

I never did meet Mr. Barre. He was a very early pioneer in the animation profession. I was told by Otto Messmer, also an early animation artist, that Raoul Barre invented the use of celluloids in the process of animation. Or, at least introduced it to this country. Someone else took out the patents and got the credit.

As the story was told to me, a Frenchman came up to one of the few animation studios in New York City . . . the year was around 1915. He showed the cartoon producer the transparent celluloid. The idea was to ink the figures on the celluloids with the background showing through the "cels". (Actually the celluloids were used only in a limited way to begin with. The cels were too thick. It wasn't until a fine gauge celluloid was manufactured that these transparencies could be used all the way.) The Frenchman was Raoul Barre. He got into a partnership with Charles Bowers sometime before I joined the studio. He was "put away" as the saying goes, after the wild action of his that I have just related. He was released after a period of time and gave up animation to become a commercial artist.

I wish I could recall all the names of the Bowers staff who were there at the time. Some of them I continued to work with in other studios as time went on. Others dropped out of sight. I have already mentioned Dick Friel, Burt Gillett, Ted Sears, Dick Huemer, Frank Sherman. There was also Lubotsky, Helen Kroll, Renzi, Frank Nankerville and his daughter Edith. Edith helped the cameraman. I can't remember the cameraman's name. I do recall that he was elderly, tall, seamy faced, and had previously worked at something quite

foreign to animation. He had been a railroad conductor for forty years. Also on the staff was Manny Davis, F.M. Follett, Albert Herter, Dick Boyle and George Stallings. He was the George Stallings whom I worked with at my first job at animation at the Hearst International Studio. I had mentioned "Vet" Anderson who was "just passing through". F.M. Follett, an early animation pioneer, had experienced a brief day of "glory" with a short-lived comic strip, "The See See Kid". That "day" was somewhere around 1905. He was the only white haired man in the studio.

There was no clock in the studio. There were no bells or other signals to tell us when it was lunch time or quitting time. But everyone got up promptly at twelve o'clock and at six in the evening. It did not take me long to catch on. The time signal came from Albert Herter. Albert would look at his watch, put it back into his vest pocket, reach for his hat and coat and head for the door. Then a scraping of chairs, shuffling of feet and the studio would be emptied. Albert Herter's watch was always correct and Albert was always prompt. The same Albert Herter was called to join the Disney Studio in the early 1930's at the strong recommendation of Ted Sears. He took part in designing the seven dwarfs in the Disney cartoon feature "Snow White".

Albert Herter was the only real artist in the Charles Bowers Studio. He had studied art in Switzerland and in Germany. He was a Swiss-German with a German accent. He must have been around forty years old at this time . . . blond hair parted in the middle, deep-set eyes, pleasant smile. I think he was of medium height. I soon learned to accept Albert as the authority on Art. His description of the vivid colors of Vincent Van Gogh's paintings, accompanied by rapid sketches of the compositions was enlightening. So were such sketches, dashed off, on the art of the German penman-draftsman Heinrich Kley. Albert's personal style was influenced by Kley. I think he talked more to me because he knew I had several years of art school studying by that time, which was more than any of the other young guys in the place had. He could be caustic as when one of the boys showed Herter a sketch he made and asked: "What is wrong with this sketch?" Albert glanced at it and observed: "Vot's wrong with this picture? Noddings is right vitt it."

When some realistic animation was required, it was done by Herter. Despite the fact that animation was still a new art or profession at this time, it had already become set in rigid patterns as to how to animate a walk, a run and other forms of motion. The reason for this I believe was that the animators had little or no real art training so that their draftsmanship was very limited. They learned a series of set formulas at which they became proficient according to their individual abilities. Herter was an exception. His greater ability as a draftsman gave him wider scope. However, the work done by the average animator was satisfactory, or so it seemed at that period.

From time to time Mr. Bowers asked us to work overtime. (No extra pay in pre-union days.) If the boss was around, some work would be accomplished, otherwise the evening was spent working out some practical joke or form of horseplay. One night, about six or seven of us were asked to stay for the several hours to catch up with the lag in animation footage. We all went out for dinner (fifty cents allowed us for the meal). When we returned in about an hour, our boss was gone. We started off at our animation, then someone got a bright idea. I think it was George Stallings. He took a cardboard and cut a stencil the shape of the heel and sole of a shoe. By using the stencil as a guide, Stallings chalked out a footstep on the floor, then another step and a third. We all watched and quickly joined the game. More stencils were cut out and we all got busy chalking footsteps. The steps wandered all over the place, up the walls, into the office of Grace Ashton and the fattish man with the mustache, right over the desks and into Mr. Bowers' office. Someone spent at least an hour and a half stenciling steps across the large room, out into the hall, into the men's room ...lots of steps in the men's room and back into the studio. George Stallings (six foot four inches tall) with his long arms and the help of a chair, stenciled footsteps up walls and around the ceiling. Next morning the studio was in a hilarious uproar at the sight of this practical joke. When Mr. Bowers came in later in the morning, he had already seen the stenciled footsteps in the hall, he said not a word . . . just surveyed the mess, and walked into his office. Then we heard Grace Ashton's voice: "Mr. Bowers . . . did you see it? They've even footmarked my room and my desk." She was answered with a great laugh from our boss . . . a continuous laugh, then he said: "Grace, this is a cartoon studio. It's to be expected."

I continued my two hour commutation each morning and another two hours for my return trip. After several months I told my parents that the four hour trip each day was too strenuous, that I must move into New York near the studio. I added that I would continue contributing from my salary towards the family income as I had been doing. However all this would depend on getting a raise in salary to cover my New York room rent. The next day I went in to see Mr. Bowers in his office. I told him what I had told my father and mother. He said: "Sure, that's no problem. Find a room for yourself, tell me the amount and I will add that to your weekly pay. In fact, I noticed some signs on the apartment houses on Decatur Avenue, the street in back of the studio, advertising rooms for boarders." I soon got myself a nice bedroom. I rented it from an elderly lady whose youngest son had been drafted into the army.

Mr. Bowers was as good as his word. He added the amount I paid for my room rent to my salary. He even came up to look at the room to see that I was not cheated. (Or that he wasn't cheated?)

At the studio, Ted Sears would talk to me about a fellow by the name of Milt Gross who had been drafted into the army. He had worked at this studio and some other animated cartoon studios before the army took him. This is the same Milt Gross who some years later became famous for his comic strips.

Because of the war going on, World War One as it is now called, our Mutt and Jeff pictures often had war themes. One such cartoon showed how Mutt and Jeff captured the German Kaiser. It was in this animated cartoon, or another war subject, that a number of scenes were about a fake peace conference set up by enemy agents. The conferees on the Allied side consisted of President Wilson, Lloyd George, the French leader Clemenceau, and other important Allied statesmen. The trick was that all of these great men were wax dummies made by the German spies. Mutt and Jeff caught on to this fakery, so that at the proper moment they proved these figures to be dummies by knocking off their wax heads with vigorous swings of hefty clubs.

Since the Allied leaders' faces and figures had to be realistic, the drawing and animation was assigned to Albert Herter. Herter did a good job of it. All the faces were easily recognizable. They looked like the real thing on the screen when shown to the staff at a screening at the studio. President Wilson's head and the other heads flew off the characters' shoulders with each whack of the swinging clubs. Some of the fellows started to kid Herter about those scenes. They pretended to be serious: "Albert, you might get into great trouble with our government, knocking off the heads of all them Allied leaders. You speak with a German accent . . . We know you are Swiss, but will you be able to convince the police you are not an enemy German alien." He answered: "Go away . . . those were wax dummies I animated . . . not the real people. I know you are making jokes with me."

Several days later a surprising thing happened. By that time I had moved down to East 23rd Street in Manhattan in a studio apartment with several other young artists. Mr. Bowers, knowing the location of my new living quarters, would ask me at times to pick up a can of motion picture film for shooting our cartoons, at Breulatures's, on 32nd Street off Fifth Avenue, on my way to work. He made such a request on that particular morning. I got the film after the film place opened at 9 a.m. Then I strolled up to Grand Central Station on East 42nd Street to take the subway uptown. As I was walking through the huge station, I heard my name called. I turned. There stood Albert Herter. I was startled to say the least. What was Albert Herter doing downtown on a work-day at ten in the morning. He greeted me by saying: "Do you know what has happened?" My heart sank. The studio must have burned down during the night. He answered his own question. "I am going to California now. I sat up all night thinking should I go or not go. I decided I should." He reached into his pocket and pulled out his California train ticket. It was an accordion-

folded string of tickets which unfolded from his hand down to the ground. "Tell Mr. Bowers I'm sorry to leave him without notice. Say goodbye to him and to everybody." We shook hands, good bye, I wished him luck. I did not see Albert Herter again until the mid-1930's when I joined the staff of the Walt Disney Studio. He had been working for Disney for a while previous to my joining that studio. I must add that Herter said nothing to me as we parted about that head-knocking-off animation of his.

Upon my arrival at the studio, I went into Bowers' office. I told him about Herter. He was thunder-struck. He had me repeat my encounter in detail. He couldn't believe it. Herter was irreplaceable . . . so it seemed at the moment.

When I came out into the general bull pen I announced: "Listen. Albert Herter has just quit. He has left for California." General consternation. Also, unbelief. I recited all the details of my accidental encounter down at Grand Central Station. Everyone agreed that Herter ran scared because of that animation sequence. Perhaps. Unpredictable things happen to some people's thinking during war hysteria.

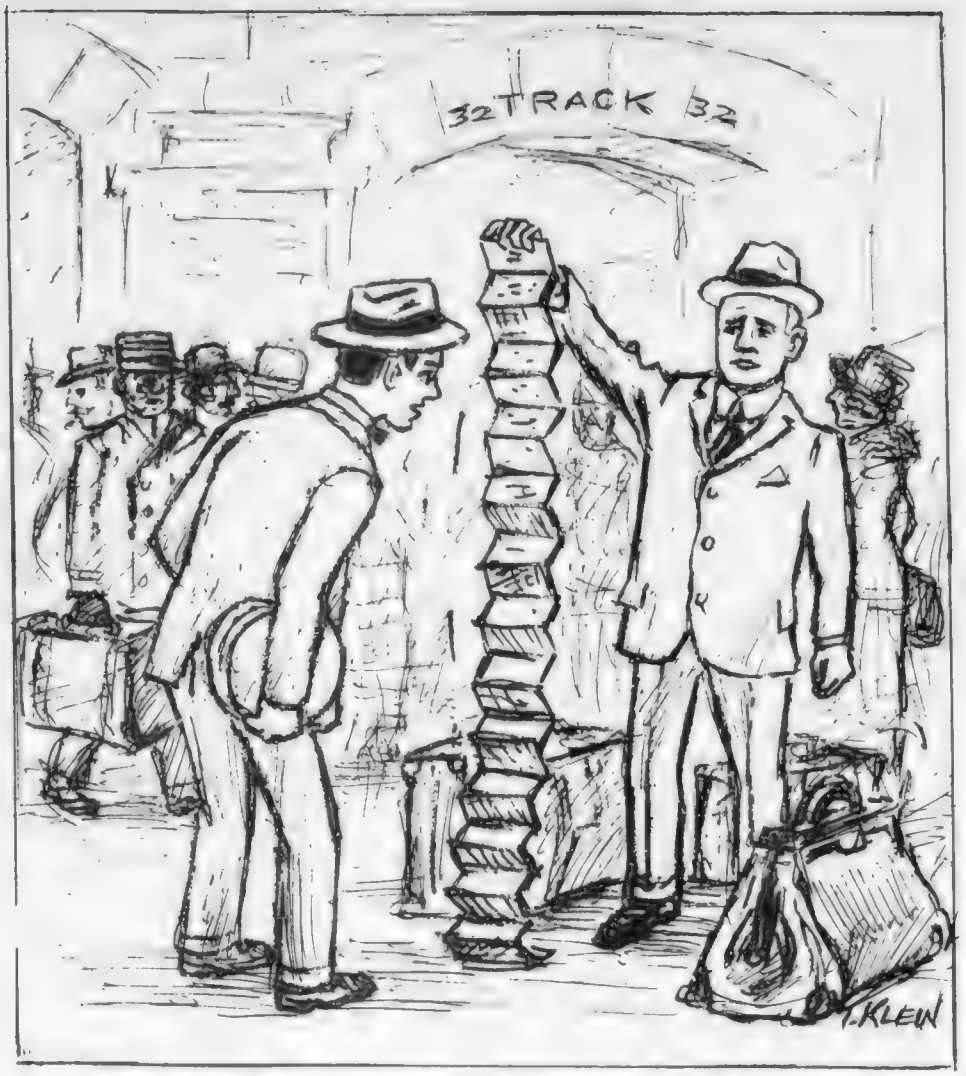
While all the talking was going on after my "report", there was one young fellow who remained uninformed and puzzled. He was one of the tracers. He was stone deaf. He could do a certain amount of lip reading, but the talk was too scattered for him to follow. He grabbed Dick Friel by the arm and asked what had happened. Dick turned and saw who had asked the question, so without hesitation he answered so that the deaf man could read his lips: "Albert Herter died last night." Quickly adding, "We're collecting from everybody for flowers to send to poor Albert's funeral." Friel held out his hand and received a quarter from the deaf boy, Hesler, who was in tears. Others pretended to give money to Dick. Then Dick Friel added some money of his own and sent out for ice cream cones. (Five cents each in those days.) In a short while the ice cream cones were passed around. Hesler received one, much to his astonishment.

Albert Herter was missed, but the studio continued to operate as usual.

Raoul Barre, Bowers' ex-partner, recovered from his "nervous breakdown" and was released from the institution where he had been confined. He never returned to the studio. I never had the opportunity to see Raoul Barre, which I regret very much.

The boss behind the scene was Bud Fisher, the creator of Mutt and Jeff, our studio's animation character. He had been overseas in some capacity related to the war, military or civilian. Now that the war was over he'd visit the studio once in a while. On those occasions he always arrived with two tall show-type girls. Never with the same two. He'd stroll around the studio with his hat on, thumbs in the armpits of his vest, the girls holding on to his elbows, his head tilted back in regal fashion. From his Olympian Height he couldn't see the hired help.

Bud Fisher had no dealings with the studio workers. Bowers was in charge. We were all paid in cash, in pay envelopes. The business between Bowers and Fisher was carried on by Bud Fisher's lawyer. One afternoon of the s ond summer of my employment, Mr. Bowers rushed out of his office putting his hat on as he went out. He seemed to be in a great hurry. Naturally, everybody was aware, all heads turned in the direction of the studio door. Then a buzz of conversation followed



Albert Herter displays his railroad tickets as he prepares to leave for California.

BUD FISHER'S

ANIMATED CARTOON

MUTT AND JEFF

IN THE

Submarine

(SECOND WEEKLY RELEASE)

IS CREATING A RIOT

AT

The Strand Theatre

NEW YORK CITY

FIRST RELEASE, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916

JEFF'S TOOTHACHE

Mutt and Jeff Films

1600 Broadway New York

The more YOU read these advertisements the more useful to YOU we can make the News

The dialogue balloon animated up, remained long enough to be read, then exploded or whirled away. While it was held, only the character's mouth animated in a simple 3 drawing cycle with no attempt to form words or syllables, as was necessary later when sound came in.

. . . what th'heck is going on, everyone asked his neighbor.

Just as the buzzing was dying down, the door opened again. In walked, not Bowers returning, but Bud Fisher's lawyer followed by Dick Friel. They walked into Mr. Bowers' office. Shortly after, each employee was called in, one at a time. In due time, I was asked in. The lawyer was sitting at Bowers' desk. Dick Friel was behind him. They both smiled at me. The lawyer asked what was my salary. I told him. The amount was written down. He thanked me, said that was all, and the next employee was called in.

The studio was buzzing with excitement and surmises. What could it all mean? We found out soon enough. Dick Friel had double-crossed his boss, Charles Bowers, by informing on him to Bud Fisher. The behind-Bowers'-back information was that Charles Bowers had been padding the payroll. In other words, Bowers' list of employees' salaries as given to Bud Fisher's office was higher than what the studio staff was receiving. The charge was that Bowers pocketed the difference. How Dick Friel became aware of this trickery, I never found out. The questioning routine proved the charge to be true. The motive on Friel's part was to dislodge Bowers from his top job and for himself to take over. He was successful. Bowers was sacked and Dick Friel took over. The trap was set up in a real conspiratorial fashion. Friel did not return to work after lunch. He met with Bud Fisher's lawyer outside the studio by pre-arrangement. They went into a nearby drug store where there was a clear view of the studio's entrance. Dick then telephoned the studio and spoke with Bowers in a pained and groaning voice saying that he was badly hurt in an accident and that he was in a downtown hospital . . . St. Vincent's in Greenwich Village. He must have put on a convincing act, judging by the way Charlie Bowers dashed out of the studio. The conspirators saw Charlie hail a cab and get into it. Then the questioning of the employees followed. When Bowers returned from his wild goose chase, he was promptly fired by Fisher's lawyer. (I wondered at the time what salary I was supposed to be receiving.)

Friel was now the head of the studio. Bowers' name was scratched off the studio door. Only "Bud Fisher, Mutt & Jeff Studio" remained. Dick, together with some of the older animators cooked up the story plots. Otherwise things continued as before. However, a man by the name of Mr. Pincus appeared at the studio. At first irregularly, then almost daily. He would walk around, look over people's shoulders, make remarks which showed his complete ignorance of the animation business. In no way did he interfere with production. Mr. Pincus was there, we quickly learned, representing The William Fox interests. Mutt and Jeff animated cartoons were a William Fox release.

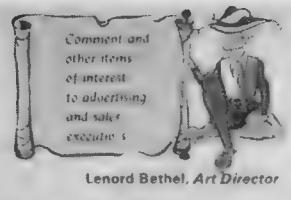
Well, Charlie Bowers was not as easily buried as it at first appeared. ●

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE)

GREATER
BUFFALO

THE PRESS

SPECIAL ISSUE



Philip H. Love, *Editor*

Lenord Bethel, *Art Director*

GHOST FOR HIRE

Versatile assistant for established cartoonist. Professional inking, lettering. Your style is my style.

FRANK DRAKE
90 Tryon Ave., Rumford, R. I. 02916

The Greater Buffalo Press has just issued a special 10-page edition of 'The Press', their great comics publication edited by our own columnist, Phil Love. It's printed in color, contains many photos and art work by Len Bethel and a word-for-word account of a long panel discussion on comics, involving cartoonists and editors at a recent Newspaper Comics Council meeting. Our readers may have a free copy by writing The Greater Buffalo Press, Inc., 302 Grote Street, Buffalo, N. Y. 14207 and asking for copy of the special 10-page edition of 'The Press'. You might tell them that you read about it here.

The COMICS
their past, their present, and their future

by Philip H. Love

"This was the theme of the Fall meeting of the Newspaper Comics Council, held in the new Museum of Cartoon Art and Fame in Greenwich, Conn., on October 9-10. It was also the title of my address to some 80 newspaper editors, syndicate executives, cartoonists, and their ladies.

The first event on the agenda was a meeting of the executive committee on the 9th, followed that evening by a reception sponsored by Joe D'Angelo (*King Features Syndicate*). Jean Walker, Tina Tippit, and Janet Kline, the lovely wives of Mort Walker (*Beetle Bailey, Hi & Lois, Boner's Ark*) president of the museum, Jack Tippit (*Amy*), curator, and Chuck Kline, president of *Metro Comics*, served as hostesses.

The program for the general meeting, on the 10th, consisted of talks by Mort Walker, Yours Truly, Richard Marschall (*United Feature Syndicate*) and Bil Keane (*Channel Chuckles, Family Circus*) in that order, and a panel discussion on "How to Give Comics More Class."

Before the speaking began, outgoing (in more ways than one) chairman Bob Lubeck (*Detroit News*) introduced the Council's new officers: Alfred Andriola (*Kerry Drake*), chairman; Dan Piatt (*Washington Star-News*), vice chairman; Bill Reed (*Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate*), finance chairman, and Tom Mendez, program chairman. Andriola had been vice chairman and Piatt a member of the executive committee. Reed and Mendez, having proved themselves undespondable, were holdovers.

After a few other preliminaries, covered elsewhere in these pages, the new chairman introduced me, mentioning my editorship of this little journal of [illegible] enlightenment, my [illegible] as *CARTOONIST PROfiles*, to [illegible] *Love to All*, and the *Love on Comics* column that I used to write when I was feature editor of the *Washington Star*. Thus introduced, I poured forth the following message.

Thank you very much. That was one of the best introductions I've had since I met Avonne Keller and Tom Mendez.

I've been giving a lot of lectures lately and some of the introductions have been downright tragic to say the least.

I used to avoid "lectures" rather than talks or speeches because there are some important distinctions.

A talk is something you give for nothing. That's why people say talk is cheap.

For a speech on the other hand you're paid a modest fee, and for a lecture there's a more or less handsome honorarium. This is going to be a talk.

As you may have read in the newspapers, some U.S. Senators make many more speeches than does Senator Mansfield, taxpayers object to this, but I think anything that keeps some Senators away from the Senate is good for the country.

One reason why I liked today's introduction was that it was brief. For a lecture I sometimes

The chairman called him to the lectern and said: "Don't take any pictures while he's speaking. Try to shoot him before he starts."

As if that weren't bad enough, a man in the front row yelled, "Hear! Hear!" and a fellow in the back shouted, "Throw the bum out!"

I was pretty shook up. Then the chairman whispered: "He doesn't mean you. He means the guy that yelled 'Hear! Hear!' He's drunk."

The fellow didn't look drunk to me. He was sitting up. And in Southern Maryland, where I have a little hideaway named Chez When, they have a saying that "He is not drunk who from his place upon the floor can raise his head and say, 'One more.'"

BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE to tell you about the trials of the lecture circuit. I'm supposed to talk about the comics, their glorious past, their worrisome present, and their hazardous future. As Mark Twain said, "The difference between the right word and the almost-right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug." And let's not fool ourselves, hazardous is the right word — the precise word — for the future of newspaper comics.

With newsprint at an all-time high of $265 a ton and other newspaper publishing costs skyrocketing, there's grave danger that publishers will go even farther than they already have in reducing the space allotted to comics.

If they knew about the history of comics, if they appreciated their value in attracting and holding readership, if they had the perceptiveness and imagination of a William Randolph Hearst, a Joseph Pulitzer, or a Joseph Patterson, we would have little to worry about. But, alas, in the immortal words of George Gobel, you can't hardly find them [illegible] no more.

What too many publishers have forgotten — or perhaps never knew — is that the comics began as a device to sell newspapers. They added greatly to the circulations of Hearst's N.Y. Journal and American, Pulitzer's N.Y. World, and James Gordon Bennett's N.Y. Herald, and before long papers in other parts of the country were using them in the same way. Over the years, the "funnies," as we used to call them, have sold more newspapers than any other single element in the daily and Sunday packages.

Now don't tell me that the N.Y. Times has done pretty well without comics. Think how much better it could have done with them. Compare its

Here we can see many of the great comics that have contributed so much to the successes of [illegible] many newspapers — and, coincidentally, to so many other businesses.

Take Buster Brown, for instance. It started in the N.Y. Herald in 1902, moved to the American in 1906, and continued [illegible] til the time of World [illegible] millions of small boys' [illegible] cuts, Buster Brown [illegible] shoes.

Now — more than h[illegible] disappearance from the [illegible] bearing his name are [illegible] There's even a Historic [illegible] Comics and Marketi[illegible] Brown Textiles, Inc., [illegible] Future From a Great P[illegible]

It's impossible to e[illegible] nies have had on the u[illegible] cans who have follow[illegible] 78 years ago. Millions of boys and girls included — learned to read and write [illegible] millions also learned to draw.

Syndication, which put the same [illegible] hundreds of papers at the same time, [illegible] names of their characters household [illegible] much of their patois everyday expressio[illegible]

I REMEMBER when all the boys [illegible] school class were calling one another "[illegible] cause that was what Mutt was calling [illegible] every day in the Baltimore Sun. Of m[illegible] memory is the wide use of some of Pog[illegible] sions, such as "rediekledockle" and [illegible] bobble," not just among kids but [illegible]

There have been popular comics suc[illegible] Hoople, Boy, Grandpa Burns, Ol[illegible] Popeye, Policemen have been [illegible] Cross, Hawkshaw, Offi[illegible] Pat O'Malley, Dinkelspiel, Powers, and Kerry Drake [illegible] rime every auto and boy was a Dick [illegible] Families being beyond their means to [illegible] be Keeping Up With the Joneses, [illegible] politeness is still called an Alphonse a[illegible] and pickaninnies are [illegible] Dee and a short and tall person will [illegible] be described as Mutt and Jeff.

Advertising in the comics is scarce now, but I always think of comics. Here and there newspapers sold [illegible] on their comics pages, but the Post is [illegible] according to Pack's research, direct

Major Hoople.

Carroll O'Connor (Daddy Warbucks) and Raquel Welch (Annie).

We think our readers will enjoy these photos taken during the summer of 1971 by Jim Ruth, during the taping of the CBS-TV Network Special 'Funny Papers' which was shown later that year.

Each of these pictures involves Carroll O'Connor who, of course, has since became world famous as Archie Bunker in "All In The Family". However, at that time, he hadn't reached 'superstar' status and wasn't generally-known by the public. He's shown here as he played Daddy Warbucks in the special with Raquel Welch as Annie. In the photo at upper right, with the aid of the makeup-man, he's Major Hoople.

CARTOONIST wanted to collaborate with me in creating new comic strip. Illustrative style. All queries answered. Write, Albert Kent, 15 Bellevue Ave. Longmeadow, Ma. 01106.

MILTON CANIFF

In Issue No. 1 of CARTOONIST PROfiles in February of 1969, we printed a number of photos picturing a day in the very active life of MILTON CANIFF as he worked in his New York City studio and went about town on various errands. Then, several years ago, Milton moved his base of operations to Palm Springs, California, and began a new routine in new surroundings. Recently we asked the famous creator of STEVE CANYON and TERRY and The PIRATES, for some photos taken out west and for an account of his Palm Springs day. Milt wrote these notes on his way to the September dedication of the new Ohio State University School of Journalism Building, which houses the Milton Caniff-Journalism Library, and which will eventually also contain Caniff's drawings and reference library which will be known as the Milton Caniff Collection for Research in Cinematography, Photography and Journalism. Incidentally, Milt is the first graduate of the School of Journalism to receive an honorary degree. He was the speaker at the June 7 commencement.

Views of Milton Caniff's Palm Springs, California, studio

Caniff in his Palm Springs studio.

By MILTON CANIFF

The Palm Springs Day begins with first light, not only because the heat builds so quickly under the (that's what you came for) sun, but because the courts, links and pools are least crowded then. In the off-season the year-round residents have a somewhat different life-pattern, but for this chronicle it seems best to focus on the 'best weather' cycle.

Perversely, I start the day at 6 A.M. (the time I often went to bed in New York) by building a fire in the living room fireplace. (By now the 100° at midnight weather is far back on the calendar). Hot coffee and the Riverside, California papers are next, together with the early TV shows, cereal and fruit. (fruit and vegetables are, of course, routinely good in these fertile parts).

I am allergic to sun, so I must do any serious swimming in the early or late hours. I try to do ten lengths of the pool each morning — it is the best toning device available in the hot country, although I also walk for a half hour in the late afternoon.

I live five city blocks from the studio, which I would walk if it were not for the heat and the portfolio I carry home at night. Also, out here a car is like a man's horse in the old days. Without it he would be stranded and die of thirst. (Of course, today, that means he would be unable to go to the cocktail parties which abound in the town.

The work day is built around the mail. Special deliveries come at any hour, but we pick up the bag from the postoffice at 9:30 each morning except Sunday. This way, if there is something which prompts a call back east, it can be accomplished before the New York or Chicago offices close at 2 and 3 P.M. Palm Springs time.

The New York airmail cutoff is at 6:15 P.M.

Hurry! It's 6:12.

Milt just beats the 6:15 PM airmail deadline.

MC with Calvin Yegge. Everything leaving Palm Springs is veloxed at Desert Grafics.

The family Rolls.

Chalk-talking at Palm Springs high school.

The menace and the salvation—the ever-beckoning pool!

Wilie Tuck, who's been with Caniff for 36 years as an all-around helper.

Frank Engli, who has done Caniff's lettering since 1934, and Mrs. Engli with Milt.

every day for delivery a day and a half later. Being always just on deadline we *must* make that or send work by American Airlines' Priority Pouch, which is a high cost service but puts the package into Kennedy or LaGuardia within five hours, and must be picked up by a messenger from the syndicate.

The agenda goes this way: I catch up with the Los Angeles Times first thing, then with the newspapers which come in the mail. The L.A. Herald Examiner is delivered at about 2:30 P.M. It gives me the excuse for an afternoon coffee break (although I sip at the faithful pot all through the day).

Following Adelaide Gilchrist's death in 1970, I have shared the time of Marie Hirsh, Red (Parade) Motley's secretary, although I often answer urgent mail myself. Production is a two-handed routine: I write at night, at home, when the phone calls ease off. If the research material is available in my own (by now quite extensive) library, I pull the scrap from the files, or take the books down from the shelves to be read as I go along. Fortunately, a kind soul named Wellwood left the city of Palm Springs a fine public library. This I haunt for special stuff; the Xerox machine making it portable for my sort of application.

Until April 1974 I would write the strips or page on the ruled paper, rough out instructions and/or sketches, then mail them off to Frank Engli in Tucson, Arizona. He would ink the lettering and mail the batch on to Dick Rockwell in Peekskill, N.Y. In recent months Engli has been very ill and at first I did the lettering myself (with brief assists from Ben Oda in New York). Recently I have been using Steve Hamill, a Palm Springs man, who has saved the day on this all-important task. Rockwell takes my weird notes and scratches, and whips them into tangible pencil form. It is he who does the digging on basics, giving me a springboard in any direction I care to take for the finishing process. On very rare occasions do I overrule Rockwell and change a panel. He brings to this craft an intelligence and skill which is unique in our world.

When I am finally settled into the day's routine (following such hot weather rituals as adding distilled water to the drawing ink), I get down to the gritty business of outlasting the customers.

I have found that lunch is usually the worst enemy of sustained production in the desert (or other side of the moon) milieu. The Latins knew what they were doing when they invented the siesta. The noon break is a useful milestone, even if I do nothing more than have a sandwich at the drawing board. Afterward, I take a short nap and then drag back to the sausage mill. If I go out to lunch with someone for business or social purposes, it can wipe the entire afternoon. You can't beat the poolside of the Palm Springs Racquet Club for a session of social studies, but it certainly plays hell with syndicate mailing schedules. For the good of the family fortunes, I usually go for the tray on the desk. After two P.M. I really start watching the clock. If I hope to finish a set of strips or a color page, I must have it wrapped up in time to have reproduction quality velox prints made at Desert Grafics, a concerned local

L to R: Mrs. Russ Stewart, Milt, and his wife, Bunny, at Sun Valley.

engraving house.

I send original drawings in one airmail-special delivery package and the sharp prints in another. If the drawings do not arrive on time (or at all), King Features can (and has) made cuts from the prints. This is an expensive routine, but worth the 'insurance' when something goes wrong.

At 5:30 P.M. I walk for a half hour. This is done in the area behind the studio. Here I can perform the prison-yard routine, without concern for traffic or other people. It is dull, but a good pattern for meditation, contemplation of the (figuratively) navel, and composition of dialog spoken into a shoulder-pack tape recorder.

At six I return to the house with a portfolio of whatever hangover business is on the front burner. Mrs. Caniff had a heart attack in 1972, and since then I have done any after-dinner work in a small studio at home. Because of the early-rising routine, we sack-in quite early.

On the fairly rare evenings when we go out on the town, we will have a 7 P.M. or so date with, say, the Mell Lazarus's when they are in town (they have a house in Palm Springs). We will have drinks at our place, or theirs, then drive to one of the local restaurants which are quite good. Afterward we go to one of the dance spots, then perhaps a late drink and home.

All of this sounds usual enough, but the heart of it is that everything, including the airport, is about five minutes from the house. For anyone who must sustain a seven-day per week production schedule, this can be either good or dangerous. Since I no longer, because of phlebitis, play golf or tennis, it is no problem to have either facility so close at hand. I enjoy the velvet nights and the golden days, but I can close the shutters and crank out the production as if I were facing that blank wall in the airshaft back in New York City.

Palm Springs isn't all sand—Here are Milt and his wife, Bunny, at the top of the Mt. San Jacinto tram at Christmas time.

The Caniffs take a long trip on a Fed. Aviation Administration Gooney to bases above the Arctic Circle.

SAID and DUNN

Famed King Features cartoonist, BOB "They'll Do It Every Time" DUNN, continues here the column of reminiscences he began in Issue #17 of CARTOONIST PROfiles.

Bob Dunn

Things I remember about the cartoon biz that still bring a grin:

Like the time a worrisome little guy named Johnny Kovalchek, who had worked as assistant to a lot of the big league cartoonists, stopped in to see me at King Features. He had just been let go by Cliff Sterrett (Polly and Her Pals) and wanted somebody to tell his troubles to. Al Scaduto and I shared a rectangular office off the comic art dept. We had a Cigar Store Indian and a mounted paper mache bullshead (with tongue hanging out) as part of the decor. It was a nice place to visit.

After a timid knock, Kovalchek entered, darting glances all around and announced he just stopped in to say hello. Johnny always spoke in whispers. Fast, nervous whispers. After giving out with the usual greeting amenities, Al and I turned back to our boards and continued our work. Johnny stood behind me telling his tale of woe. I'd look up every once in a while to utter a word of commiseration. Every time I did, I'd see he was looking around to make sure none of Sterrett's friends or relatives were within earshot.

"Mr. Sterrett (he always referred to Cliff as *Mister* Sterrett) wouldn't pay my bus fare after I worked all night. Mister Sterrett left me working while he went downstairs to dinner. When I asked Mr. Sterrett if there was a lunchwagon nearby, Mr. Sterrett told me I should have brought a sandwich. The lunchwagon was too far away. Mrs. Sterrett called up the stairs 'Don't stay up late, Cliff. Can't Johnny finish the Sunday page? That's what you're paying him for!' " And on and on. Johnny kept pouring out his troubles, growing more agitated with each remembered travail.

Suddenly the door opened. We had another visitor . . . an old friend of mine, Joe Moran, a handsome Irish tenor who used to sing the "Ant'em", as he called the Star Spangled Banner, at the Friday night Madison Square Garden fights. Joe had been in Vaudeville and could size up an audience. One look at nervous John and Joe started to act like a detective.

"Is Bob Dunn in?"

"No, he's not", I answered, knowing that Kovalchek was wondering what it was all about.

"This is his office, isn't it?" asked Moran, still standing at the open door.

"It used to be. He's in Chicago now".

I could sense quivering John at my back worrying that he might be in the crossfire of a manhunt.

Bob Dunn pictures here the situation he describes in his column.

"What's your name?" third-degreed Moran.

"Luther McCarthy! Not that it's any of your business!" I shot back at him. "And who the hell are you?"

Johnny was seeing a tough side of Dunn he'd never imagined. I could almost hear his neck swivel as he waited for Moran to identify himself.

"Lieutenant Broderick from headquarters."

I'm sure Kovalchek was trying to send me telepathic waves. "Make him show his badge! Ask him if he's got a search warrant!" I knew he was wondering what crime I was guilty of, to make me hide behind the alias of Luther McCarthy.

"You over there!" growled Moran, jutting his chin at Scaduto—" what's your name?" As Al answered, giving his right name, Moran stepped toward Al passing behind Kovalchek and as he did, gave the trembling John the goose of all gooses. Johnny jumped three feet in the air, flailing his arms, sputtering and descending in almost complete collapse. It was the kind of time that brings out memorable quotes. Johnny felt he had to say something and he did:

"Even my best friends don't do that to me!"

Speaking of odd characters . . . let me tell you about J. Brandon Walsh, who wrote continuity for "Little Annie Rooney" the King Features story strip.

Walsh was a Blatherskite. He'd talk your ear off. He had a gutteral, raspy voice from a throat operation which J. V. Connolly, who was tired of listening to him, said was an act of God. To make things worse Walsh always acted out whatever he was talking about, and he was always the hero in his never-ending monologues. If he was recounting how he had started working as a hod-carrier in Chicago, he'd demonstrate by holding a ruler, umbrella or anything handy over his shoulder and climbing a chair for a ladder.

Jimmy Hatlo had just come east on the crest of the sky-rocketing popularity of his great panel "They'll Do It Every Time". I was lucky to be working for Jim whom I immediately found to be a meticulous artist . . . A perfectionist if ever there was one. I had been amazed when Jim, dissatisfied with some small thing in his finished cartoon, wouldn't let me take it out with a razor blade, but would redraw the whole thing. He was always fighting the deadline, which was Tuesday, eleven days before they'd appear in print.

On this Tuesday to be forever remembered, Hatlo was inking in No. 6 of the batch the editors were screaming for downstairs as the clock rounded 4 P.M.

Jim was applying juicy black backgrounds to a night scene when in stomps flannel-mouth Walsh.

"Hatlo . . . your stuff is great!" was his opener. "H. I. . . . HUMAN INTEREST. Like I used to write for Frank Tinney the great comedian who was a cheap S.O.B.!"

Hatlo smiled, nodded his thanks, glanced at the clock and kept inking. But Walsh was just warming up.

"I wrote all his parodies and gags", the gravel-voice went on. "Then he'd say he'd pay me if he kept the stuff in the act. He never wanted me to guess that he thought my gags were great, the bastard!"

"He was going to open in the Vanities and I brought him the best * ! ? ! parody he ever had: 'Hallways', a take-off on Irving Berlin's tune . . . Berlin admitted I was a better writer than he was . . . well anyway, I held the lyric up in front of Tinney at the make-up table." Here Walsh squatted down, miming a guy patting on grease paint.

Next, Walsh picked up Hatlo's wet drawing to show how Tinney had read his manuscript. Then Walsh rolled up the wet cartoon. It now represented Tinney's bankroll. "I told him it'd cost him two hundred".

"So Tinney peels off twenty dollars from his roll and pokes it at me" recited Walsh, the drawing now subbing for the proffered double sawbuck.

"I rolled up the twenty," said Walsh, doing so with the smeared drawing as Hatlo's jutting jaw fell agape, "And I told him "here you cheap #?(*)*!!?!, shove it #(*)?!?!?!*!*"

"If I ever can do anything for you, let me know" was Walsh's exit line as Hatlo looked with unbelieving eyes at his ruined masterpiece. He worked all night redrawing the Walshed panel and the next day set up a studio in the Park Lane Hotel, away from the Odd Fellows Hall at King Features.

For years I could get a rise out of Jim by telling him I was going to stop by with a friend of mine . . . Brandon Walsh.

Jim used to say "You're doing a gaslight job on me. You're trying to get the feature!

BRANDON WALSH

Jimmy Hatlo

GEO MCMANUS

We are indebted to RICHARD MARSCHALL, of the United Feature Syndicate, and a longtime comics collector, for these pages of George McManus photos. They appeared in a souvenir program for the luncheon given in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on November 29, 1945, in honor of George McManus who had just completed a third of a century of 'Bringing Up Father'. As our readers know, the strip is still going strong with Camp, Kavanaugh and Fletcher producing it for King Features Syndicate.

In order to further add to the nostalgic flavor of these pages, BILL BLACKBEARD, of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, has sent us some of the early McManus strips to include here. Thanks, Bill.

The first BRINGING UP FATHER episode, from The Chicago Examiner.

CHICAGO SUNDAY EXAMINER, — BOXING AND OTHE

Bringing Up Father.

Copyright, 1912, International News Se

LOOK YOUR BEST - FATHER!
BE SURE TO TIE YOUR TIE!
WHERE DID YOU GET THE FIELD-GLASSES
NOW - HUBBY - I WANT YOU TO COME IN AND MEET A REAL COUNT
COUNT "DE TIES" - THIS IS MY HUSBAND!
CHARMED I ASSURE YOU!
? ?
HELLO - COUNT
SNAP

nal News Service.

By George McManus.

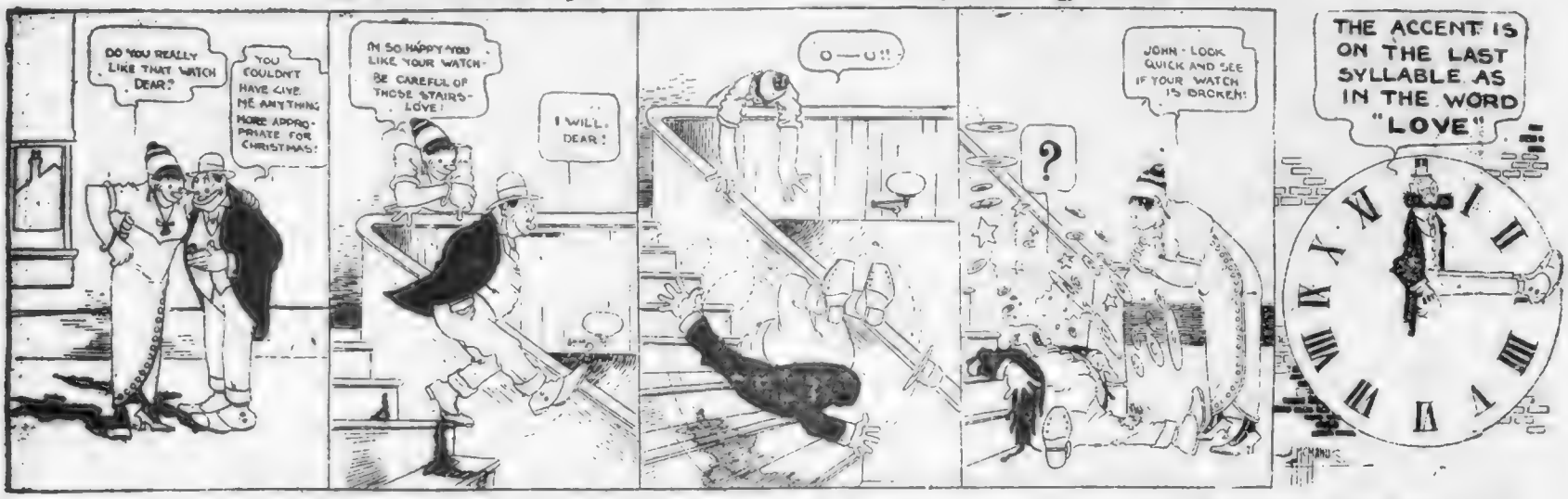
DARN - THERE WENT A SUSPENDER BUTTON!
FATHER!
I'M SORRY - BUT I MUST BE GOING
MAGGIE - YOU'LL HAVE TO USE STRONGER THREAD!
YOU' A FINE PERSON TO BE IN SOCIETY!

Bringing Up Father. Copyright, 1913, International News Service. *By George McManus.*

I'VE LAID OUT ALL YOUR DIFFERENT THINGS ON THE BED, PUP-PAW! AND WHEN YOU COME DOWN TO THE DRAWING ROOM, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T BRING THAT PIPE!
ALL RIGHT-MAGGIE!
DON'T CALL ME MAGGIE - MY NAME IS MARGARET
HAW HAW! THAT'S ONE ON MAGGIE! I MEAN MARGARET! SHE GAVE ME SONNY'S SHIRT BY MISTAKE!
SAY, MAGGIE - I MEAN MARGARET! Y' GAVE ME THE WRONG SHIRT!
OH! I FORGOT ABOUT THE PIPE!
OH! MOTHER - SPEAK TO ME!

Once again BILL BLACKBEARD has been kind enough to comb through the files of his SAN FRANCISCO ACADEMY OF COMIC ART in order to come up with the following examples of very early George McManus cartoons.

Outside the Asylum. Copyright, 1912, International News Service. *By George McManus.*

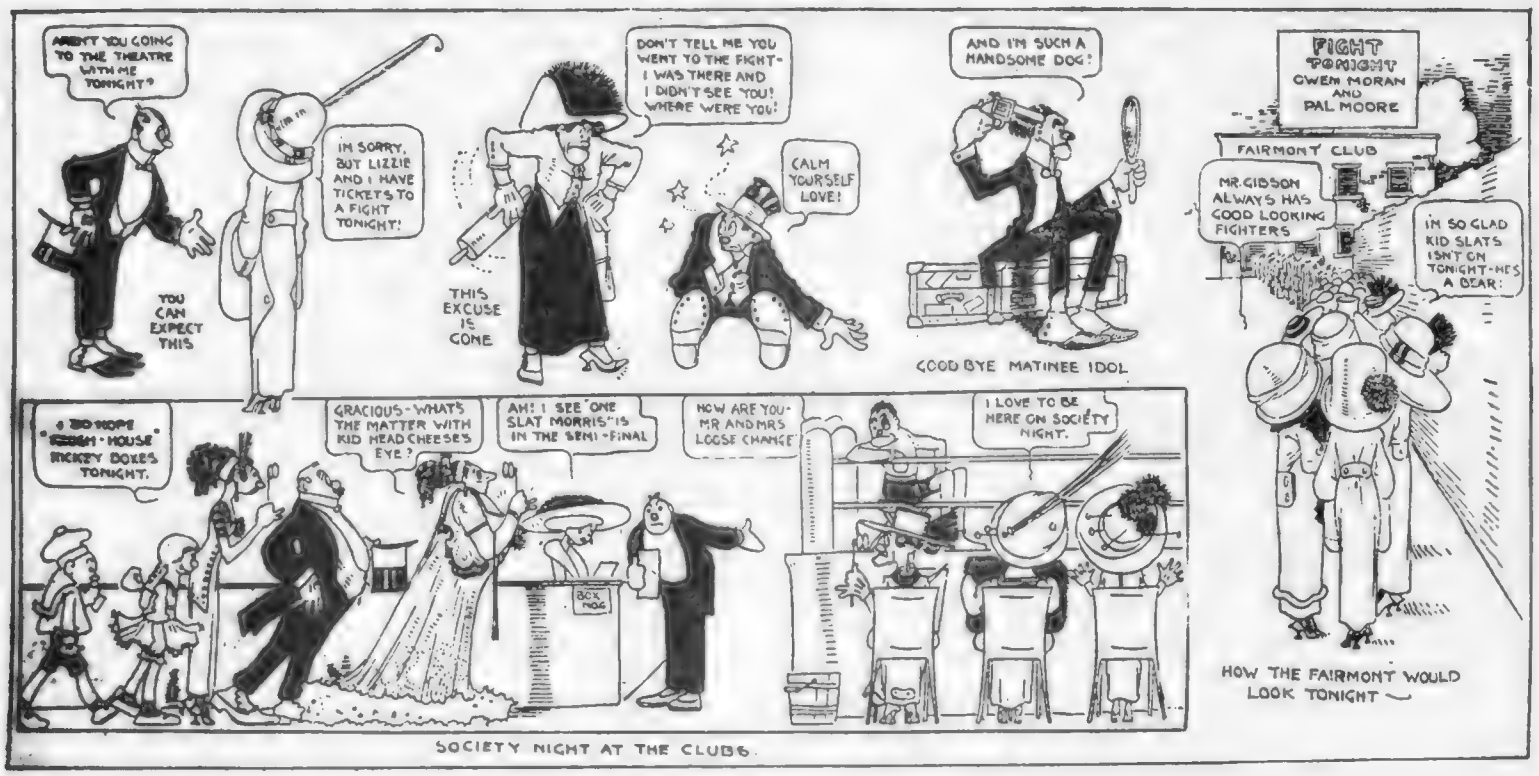

DO YOU REALLY LIKE THAT WATCH DEAR?
YOU COULDN'T HAVE GIVE ME ANYTHING MORE APPROPRIATE FOR CHRISTMAS!
I'M SO HAPPY YOU LIKE YOUR WATCH - BE CAREFUL OF THOSE STAIRS - LOVE!
I WILL, DEAR!
O—U!!
JOHN - LOOK QUICK AND SEE IF YOUR WATCH IS BROKEN!
?
THE ACCENT IS ON THE LAST SYLLABLE AS IN THE WORD "LOVE"

This McManus strip predates both the first two Bringing Up Father strips by over a week and represents the first episode of another of the several alternating daily strips McManus was introducing in 1912-13, but Bill Blackbeard comments that the characters in it seem to him much more foreshadowing of the later Maggie & Jiggs we knew than the figures in the initial Bringing Up Father strips.

THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1912

IF AMERICAN WOMEN WERE FIGHT FANS LIKE THEIR PARISIAN SISTERS

BY GEORGE McMANUS


AREN'T YOU GOING TO THE THEATRE WITH ME TONIGHT?
YOU CAN EXPECT THIS
I'M SORRY, BUT LIZZIE AND I HAVE TICKETS TO A FIGHT TONIGHT!
DON'T TELL ME YOU WENT TO THE FIGHT - I WAS THERE AND I DIDN'T SEE YOU! WHERE WERE YOU!
THIS EXCUSE IS GONE
CALM YOURSELF LOVE!
AND I'M SUCH A HANDSOME DOG!
GOOD BYE MATINEE IDOL
FIGHT TONIGHT GWEN MORAN AND PAL MOORE
FAIRMONT CLUB
MR. GIDSON ALWAYS HAS GOOD LOOKING FIGHTERS
I'M SO GLAD KID SLATS ISN'T ON TONIGHT - HE'S A BEAR!
HOW THE FAIRMONT WOULD LOOK TONIGHT
I SO HOPE "SEDUM" HOUSE RICKEY DOXES TONIGHT.
GRACIOUS - WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KID HEAD CHEESES EYE?
AH! I SEE ONE SLAT MORRIS IS IN THE SEMI-FINAL
HOW ARE YOU - MR AND MRS LOOSE CHANGE
I LOVE TO BE HERE ON SOCIETY NIGHT.
SOCIETY NIGHT AT THE CLUBS.

An early McManus sports-page cartoon.

Second from left is George in 1895.

George and Charlie Chaplin during the filming of "The Kid". George was just kibitzing.

A fashion plate of 1923.

Mary Pickford tried her best to make a movie star of George. The result? See Douglas Fairbanks' sneer.

Remember Panhandle Pete

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Judge Parker
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